

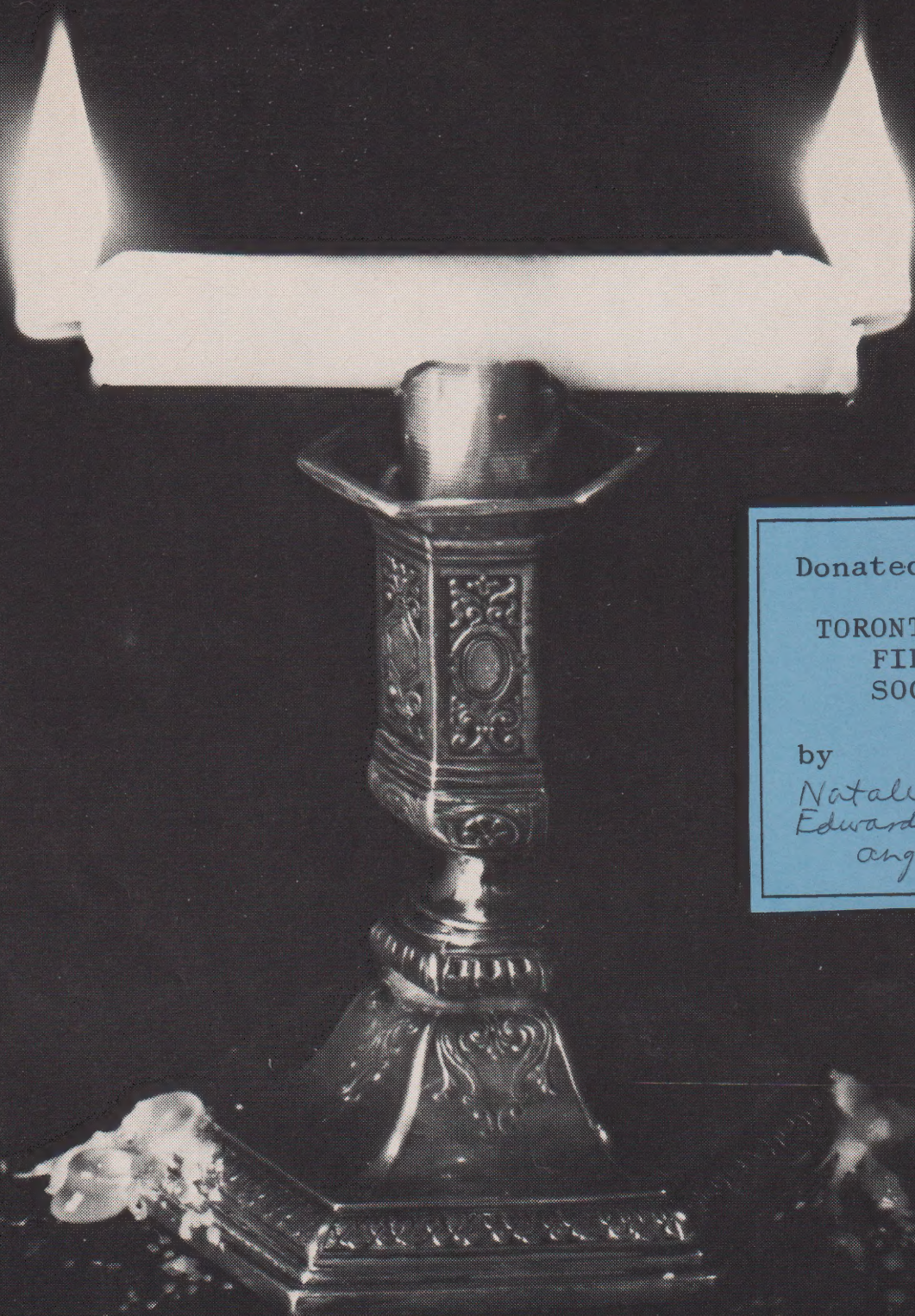
cinema canada

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**In Praise of Older Women: photomontage
Festivals: Montreal and Toronto**



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Cinema Canada, founded by the Canadian Society of Cinematographers, is published by the Cinema Canada Magazine Foundation. President: Jean-Pierre Tadros, Vice-President: George Csaba Koller, Secretary-Treasurer: Connie Tadros, Directors: Agi Ibranyi-Kiss and George Campbell Miller. **Editorial information:** All manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. While the editors will take all reasonable care, they will not be held responsible for the loss of any such submissions. Opinions expressed within the magazine are those of the author and not necessarily those of the editors. Cinema Canada is indexed in the **Film Literature Index** (Albany) and **International Index to Film Periodicals**. Member of the Canadian Periodical Publishers' Association. No part of this magazine may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Publisher. Cinema Canada Magazine Foundation is a non-profit organization: Canadian Charitable Organization no. 044-1998-2213. Published with the financial assistance of the Canada Council, the Ontario Arts Council and the City of Toronto. Second class mail registration no. 3081, return postage guaranteed.

Subscription rates for ten issues yearly: normal \$8.00, institutions \$15.00, foreign \$10.00. Notice of **change of address** should include your old address as printed on a recent issue. For subscriptions write to Box 398, Station Outremont, Montreal H2V 4N3, P.Q. Subscriptions are not refundable.

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Rossellini and Bergman, as they were, before the movies became ugly.

This issue of **Cinema Canada** includes **Trade News North**, issue no. 1. The Canadian Motion Picture and Television Industry Trade Magazine. The latter is detachable with a gentle tug...

REVERB

Behind the Camera II

Surprised was I, reading your last issue, to discover that I had become an author. For this I thank you. The article fairly reflects the content of the telephone interview from which it was extracted. It also, I fear, does violence to the Queen's English bordering on assault and battery. Had I written the article, I would hope to have expressed myself more articulately.

Moreover, I would have been inclined to further develop the ideas in the last section, this in an attempt to generate from the specifics of **Outrageous** principles of a more all-encompassing nature.

For example, legendary are the cameramen who are unhappy about the appearance of their work in the final release prints. Must cameramen, as many do, relinquish all rights to the control of the quality of the final release prints? Have they no grounds upon which to object should the quality be inferior? I would have argued that there are at least three possibilities, depending upon the position of the cameraman.

If the cameraman enters a strictly employer/employee relationship in which he is reasonably compensated for his efforts in shooting the film, and no agreement was made concerning the supervision of the timing of the release prints or blowup, then his rights, if any, are minimal and the producer can feel justified in taking unilateral action.

But what if the cameraman enters into a film knowing that he will receive far less than average professional pay, the hours will be much longer than the normal long hours, indeed working conditions shall, in general, be considerably more difficult, and that this, in fact, is the only way in which the film can even conceivably be completed given the budget? It could be argued – fairly, I believe – that the balance between what is considered full and adequate compensation and what is actually received is an investment, financial in nature among other things, by the crafts person in the given picture. It is a risk taken not dissimilar to that made by the financial investor.

Is it not, then, reasonable to expect that the crafts person, too, not just the investor, is entitled to a return? I believe so, the return in this case being not money but a reasonable product which the crafts person can display with pride and which might promote future work. In this situation it would seem to me that the crafts person has some rights, not necessarily total or unilateral, to participate in those decisions that might adversely affect his return.

A third possibility is where the cameraman negotiates in advance of shooting for the actual right to approve or disapprove all final release prints. Ozzie Morris in a talk last year to the C.S.C. indicated that

this was how he attempts to handle the problem.

The success of **Outrageous** has given rise to much conversation that the future of filmmaking in Canada may rest, at least in part, with lower budget features. Low budget features invite and insist upon many and very large compromises from all concerned, producers, directors, writers, actors and the crafts people. If the future does hold this to be a means out of our economic dilemma, what becomes of vital importance is, not compromise or the avoidance of it but, the way in which fair, intelligent and effective compromises can be achieved. To that end I feel this can be more gracefully accomplished by people who have a firm concept of just what rights they have and how these rights interact and co-mingle with the rights of the others involved.

The occasion of an article on **Outrageous** allows me, with thanks to **Cinema Canada**, to voice my concerns with regard to the complex, thorny problems of creating a more viable, internationally competitive, Canadian film industry.

On a personal note, I wish to thank all those involved with the production of **Outrageous** for a valuable experience.

With this my article would have ended.

James B. Kelly, CSC

Mountain Giraffe Films In Motion, Ltd.

The article, "Seen from Behind the Camera" by Jim Kelly in our last issue, was written from a taped informal telephone interview initiated by us. It was given by Mr. Kelly with the understanding that his comments were to be incorporated into a broad article. We felt his ideas were interesting enough to stand alone.

*Henk Van der Kolk has advised Mr. Kelly that the budget for **Outrageous** exceeds \$200,000.*

*The CFDC has advised **Cinema Canada** that the production budget for **Outrageous** was \$165,000. Ed.*

C.A. Corrections

I have just read my article which was published in issue No 38-39 of **Cinema Canada**, and would like to make two points of clarification.

First, my reference to passing title on January 2nd should be extended to refer to any year-end, and only applies if the seller has a year-end which is different from that of the buyer.

Second, my reference to "now-obsolete equipment" in the section on capital losses

should read "non-depreciable capital assets".

This should help clear up any confusion surrounding these points, for which I apologize.

Kindest regards,

Nel Smith, C.A.

Avenged

I have only now seen your brief item reporting on my association as producer of the early episodes of *The New Avengers*.

You are correct in noting that I did reassign casting responsibilities although, in truth, no formal arrangement had previously been made, but you wrongly suggest that I set about firing directors. I set about hiring directors, among them the very Peter Pearson whom you say I dismissed. Two directors were already committed to the series when I arrived. Both have remained to direct one or more episodes.

It is true that Peter Pearson left the assignment, but this came about amicably when he asked permission to accept an enticing offer that would overlap the weeks of his work with us. In the sincere hope that we could get him back for a later episode, I agreed.

Ross McLean

Toronto

Covert Lists

Would appreciate an article sometime on our various activities in animation here in "Turkey town".

In checking locally, I discover you no longer have a correspondent here.

If you are having trouble locating coherent dependable people, I could supply you with a carefully acquired list which I amassed through much danger to my person following exceedingly covert research and assuming many false disguises.

This list can be yours for the asking provided you can say very quickly or even say at all five times:

"Canada does not end at the third post hole west of Bathurst Street".

There's something in the drinking water back there which causes a speech impairment for those trying to say that sentence.

The only cure is to move west.

It would be nice to see more mention of animation and film activities out here but you have the printing presses there in Berlin – oops! And we poor slobs at the western front will just have to fight the unknown fight.

Pacific Cinematheque informs me you are not interested in "Commercial Animation", which on pressing further they

defined as any animation which is sponsored.

From that Junior High idiotic comment I can see the difficulty you must be having locating urbane and lucid reportage from this city.

I assure you there are filmmakers here actively engaged in putting together films people can enjoy with interest, and not just the artsie folk scrounging via grantsmanship to do self-indulgent boring bits to project in the basement for a few of their "insy-group".

From remarks such as that, you can see why I have been looking to C.C. for a lucid *unbased* cinematic insight to all film activities across this land, and how absurd it is to depend on the local selfstyled film intelligencia.

I do hope you locate a reliable B.C. writer and if you cannot, then let me know and I will send my covert list of coherent critters along to you in a plain unwrapped battered postman's cap, etc.

Naturally, it would be nice to see an article about our animation activities at Norm Drew Productions Ltd. but make sure you locate a writer who does not keep his ink in two bottles labeled: *Commercial* and *Aesthetic*.

That kind of misinformation we don't need.

Norm Drew

President Director

IGE-Norm Drew Productions Ltd.

Staff Shortage

In your Issue No 40, page 10, you state that **Yeti Bigfoot** was filming in 'Toronto and the North'. I would like to correct a couple of mistakes in the article and urge your staff to check out the facts before going to press.

Fact No. 1: It was not an Italian-Canadian co-production and therefore, the Department of the Secretary of State was in no way involved in this project.

Fact No. 2: Your spelling of 'Stefano' was spelled: 'Stefani'.

Fact No. 3: Also, you quote Duane Howard as being the publicist. The undersigned has never been, and probably never will be, a publicist, all things being perfect. The undersigned was the Line Producer for this production and was in charge of the Canadian portion of the shoot only in conjunction with Stefano Films and Cinecitta Studios, Rome.

Fact No. 4: For your information, Frank Kramer is the anglicized name of Gianfranco Parolini, which he uses when shooting outside of Italy in English-speaking countries. In this production Mr. Parolini performed the duties of Director.

Thank you for your attention to this matter and you might be interested to know that we completed principal photography in Canada three and a half days ahead of schedule, and a commensurate number of dollars under budget.

In addition, I would have been delighted to speak with the writer and given him the correct facts if he had been interested to call me.

Yours truly,
Duane Howard
Toronto

Alas. Cinema Canada has no journalists on staff, and hence the under-researched articles sometimes. We thank Mr. Howard for his corrections, extend our excuses for the errors, and urge subscribers and advertisers into the holiday spirit so that we might hire a full-time staffer. Ed.

Conflicting Interests?

I feel it is time you stopped wasting space in your magazine with phrases that Jack Gray uses in issue no. 38-39 under the heading "Glacial Movements". I am referring to the all too common use of remarks such as "what will best serve the public interest" and "work to ensure that this public interest is properly and effectively served" (p. 37).

Instead of being so redundant issue after issue, is it not time to find out exactly where the "public interest" does lie? Or is the Council of Canadian Filmmakers too afraid that the "public interest" might not align with the "CCFM interest"?

This task could be accomplished quite easily by sending out questionnaires to a

majority of households throughout Canada and asking the public what kind of programming they want; are they willing to see investments into further Canadian programming or are they happy with U.S.-style programming? The answer to the last question might indicate that instead of wasting money on more Canadian programming, which the public might not want, the money could be invested in a nationwide education program showing the public the trouble Canadian production (television and movies) is having competing against American infiltration of our media.

Instead of threatening them with change that they might not see the need for, you (we) could show them why change is needed for our cultural preservation. Then, instead of fighting against the average Canadian viewer, our countrymen, you (we) could work with them demanding change be brought about.

I realize that a questionnaire of the type I suggest and an education program such as I envision might cost a lot of money. However, I feel it will be worth it because for once, we might end up working with one another as Canadians bound by one goal instead of several different factions working against one another.

Mark Trevis
Vancouver

P.S. If people want regional programming, then let them have it, instead of promoting false national unity. Let people grow, think and feel as they wish, not as "we" tell them to.

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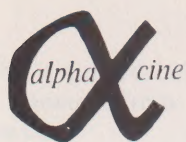
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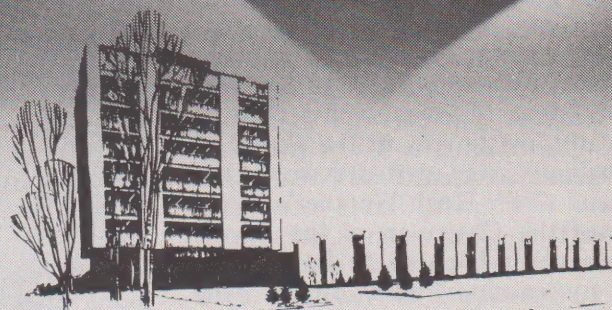
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SPOT LIGHT

on prudence emery

As producers become increasingly aggressive about selling their films during the production period rather than waiting for a film's release, the role of publicity has become more and more important.

Prudence Emery, publicist, has had the lion's share of the big co-productions done recently in Canada. The interview below is an effort to capture the spirit of the lady – her apparently boundless energy, her professional attitude, and her thoughts about her own job and the production scene as she has experienced it.

I worked for Expo in Montreal, the Corporation and Visitor Services. And then I did the Press visits that Expo sponsored, which meant setting up everything. You know, when the guests arrive at the airport, their food, their booze, their tours, their speakers, but not press kits. Just the basics. For *Time* magazine, I did a big set-up – a two-day visit – but I also took around celebrities, like Hugh Hefner, Liberace, Twiggy, and Edward Albee, whom I got to know very well; we've been friends ever since. So I had this funny mixture.

That was a good experience. I discovered I had a talent for organizing which I hadn't known before. This is vaguely how I got into PR.

Then I got on a plane in January '68, just a charter flight to London, 'cause I love Montreal and I thought I'd really like to stay in the city. And in England, I was invited down for the weekend to Sir Hugh Wontner's home. He was the Chairman of the Savoy. His daughter happens to be married to my cousin, Victor Emery, who everybody remembers as Canadian bobsled champion. (I mean, that's some years ago. He's a gold medal bobsledder.) And I told a funny story at lunch, and at tea time, everybody discreetly withdrew from the sitting room, and Sir Hugh asked me what my plans were. I said I was going skiing and then going back to Montreal. He said, "How would you like to come and work at the Savoy?" So I said, "OK", without a thought. And I stayed there 5½ years.

Cinema-Canada: *And you stayed there 5 years, and then decided to come back?*

Prudence Emery: I decided to come back because working at the Savoy was like being on a ship at sea in first class, forever. Which means it was quite unreal. I met every famous person in the world... Noel Coward, Liza Minelli; and the staff was super. But you know, every year the same people came back and I sat in my office and had a staff of debutantes; and all they did was exchange recipies and boy-friends as far as I could see. We were there just to keep the press out of the corridors and help them if we could. It was glamorous, but it wasn't very creative.

And all of a sudden, I thought, "I want to do something else." And I wrote to various people, including Bill Cunningham. He was an old friend, and he wrote back and said, "We're starting this network Global Television. Can you fly over for an interview?" So, I did, and I got the job.



photo: Lois Siegel

Cinema-Canada: *Did you work at Global long?*

Prudence Emery: I started with them in July before we went on air. That's July '73. I was Manager of Public Relations. I set up all the Press visits

across Ontario, and we had a good time, actually. That was really fun.

When we started, we had 17 independent producers working for us. This was Al Bruner's pipe dream, and Al Bruner is a wonderful ideas man. But he wasn't a good practical man, in terms of administering something. But he's wonderful, and a good salesman. The people that were around him at that time just couldn't control the financing properly. The original concept was good because it gave a lot of employment to a lot of people. In the beginning we got all the Quebec films. I was down here viewing, non-stop, I can't remember how many Quebec films. We had them all dubbed; we viewed them on our network, which was wonderful exposure for Quebec because it had never had so much exposure in Ontario, which is a big market after all.

Once we went on air, it was sort of turning peculiar. You know, people became 'territorial rights' conscious. Then a journalist wrote a very bad review in *Variety* of our entertainment show called "Everything Goes". In fact, it was a terrific showcase for a lot of kids who had not been used in Toronto by the CBC, and one of those kids is now on NBC Saturday Night, Danny Aykroyd. We gave them a lot of exposure, and they were working hard; it was a good straightforward entertainment thing. But this review in *Variety* killed a lot of sales.

I went and saw the president, Al Bruner, and said, "Let's write to the editor and tell him what we're really doing."

By that time he knew, though I didn't, that the take-over was coming and that things were in a very bad way. And he said to me, "I think you had better cover yourself. There's a job going at Inn on the Park as a PR." I thought I was being fired and was very upset. So, I came down to Montreal for a week, and I went to the Film Board and they offered me a job. Then I read in the *Globe and Mail* that I had resigned, which really pissed me off 'cause nobody had consulted with me.

As it turned out, it was to my benefit because from that, I got my first film offer.

Dick Schouten, whom I'd known from previous years when he was with *Time* phone me up when I got back to Toronto and said, "Do you want to work on a film?" So I said, "sure".

That was **Black Christmas**, my first film, and then somebody else offered me the job at the Zoo, So I did **Black Christmas** and then I went to the Zoo.

Sounds appropriate.

The Zoo. The Zoo was wonderful. Except for the politics. I started before it opened, and I had a wonderful time because I did a lot of creative input, i.e., I took a lot of photographs and put together a slide presentation. I want on the road; I went down to Rochester, I went down to Buffalo, I went to the automobile clubs and I gave presentations to all these people. Travel editors, bus tour operators, Kodak people, all in order to interest them in the Zoo, and they were very enthusiastic about it. And that was fun. I really had a good time then.

I was not only doing publicity, but I was doing marketing. And that was fun. And it's important because it is very applicable to films.

What do you market at a Zoo?

Well, I was marketing the Zoo in terms of going down with these presentations. A study in San Diego determined that the market area for tourist attractions like the zoo is within a 75 miles radius for day trippers, and then for a week-end trip it's a little further out. So, I just covered what I considered was that area. So I was making people – the media and travel operators – aware of this great project and they would eventually bring bus tours and all that to the Zoo when it opened. And it worked.

And what happened in terms of politics? Why did you leave?

Well, those politics were just a mess. They had an original Board that had worked 9 years to get the Zoo going; rather establishment Torontonians. And then, they fired the boss and it wasn't handled very well. He was almost like another Al Bruner, by the way. He was the ideas man, but he was not good at administration.

Anyway, then this new Board got a campaign going which in my opinion

was bad, was not based on facts. But they somehow appealed emotionally to the membership, the Zoo Society, and we had a meeting and an election. They had a very slick lawyer. Zap! They got rid of all the old board.

Now, I was still there, hired by the old Board, and I was therefore, in their eyes, connected to the old Board. And there were nasty things...like, they thought I was leaking stories to old Board, which I was not, I was just trying to do my job.

After a while they got this new American in. I found out later that they did put pressure on me to resign, because they couldn't fire me. And this American would come to my office and say, well, subtle things to my assistant (who was a good friend of mine); Well, have you kicked her out yet?" And one day a man came in to measure my office for a new wall – I mean it was really like something that you read. Nobody told me anything. and then... I won't go into the sordid details, but it was nasty.

So I resigned and I thought, "Phooey on this. I'm going to go out West – I'm from Victoria – and see if I like the West Coast." I packed my car, sublet my flat, drove across Canada, had a wonderful time, went to my Uncle Bill's ranch, rounded up cattle. Terrific. Got to Vancouver and got a phone call. Would you like to do publicity for **Breaking Point**? So I said, "Sure". I flew back, and then that sort of got things rolling in filming.

I did that, and then Harold Greenberg, at that point, was going to do **David Copperfield**. So I went back to Victoria where we were hoping to film and I did location hunting. Al Kasha came up from Los Angeles and we went around the city and looked at locations. He was wonderful, a really terrific guy. And then Harold meant to come, but he got sick that year. Then, of course, the project fell through because of the Americans. I understand that the Americans wanted their credit, of course, because they wrote the film. I guess in the point system, in terms of tax write-off, they couldn't get it so the whole project folded.

I flew out another time to set up the **Breaking Point** world premiere party. A film which fortunately rapidly disappeared from the screens...

*What it was like working on **Breaking Point**.*

It was Bob Clark, the same director, who did **Black Christmas** and who is very nice. We had fun because we had some kooky stunts and one of the photos went around the world... when we set the guys on fire, and they jumped into the lake. A nice crew. I don't recall any terrible hassles. You know, I like to enjoy myself, right? And for me, it's necessary to have a good laugh. The pressure was terrific, but I like the pressure because it's stimulating, and you know that when it's over you will have worked hard and then you can have this nice holiday. I recall **Breaking Point** as a pleasant, easy experience.

After **Breaking Point** I went back home and I heard that Sophia Loren was going to be in British Columbia. So I drove down to Los Angeles. I wanted to go to California, so I thought I could get a tax benefit like this, and include the trip. I'd written to Zev Braun in advance and I phoned him. He said, "Who?" I said, "It's Prudence." "Ah", he said, "phone Dale Olsen at Rogers & Cowan", a big PR firm. So I went and saw this guy, Dale Olsen. I said, "I've done this and that, and I know all your gang in London because I used to work with them in London." He said, "Sure, you've got the job." So I thought, Terrific! I drove back to B.C. Then, of course, Sophia got ill and the whole project finished and my year was up out West. I'd given myself a year.

So I got in my car, I was in Vancouver and got a phone call... "It's on!" So I phoned and I asked, "Am I still on?" and they said, "Yes, but it's in Montreal." So I drove across Canada again, unpacked in my flat in Toronto, stayed a night, and came here. So there we are.

We are now starting **Angela. The Uncanny** I did simultaneously. Then there was **The Disappearance**. Then there was a lull, about five months, except for 3 days work on **The Disappearance** to put together a press book. And now we are here. So I came down actually for a holiday, but which coincided with the last four days of Sophia Loren, to wrap it up. And Denis Héroux said, "Prudence, we want to work with Claude Chabrol." I said, "Denis, I have committed myself to **Coup d'Etat**." He said, "Well, I don't mind. You at least launch it, and I have Robert Lussier who is very good, who can take over from you when you go." So I said, "Ok." And Denis, I adore, anyway. He's a lovely person to work for.

SPOT LIGHT

So I did that, then I went back to Toronto and did **Coup d'Etat**, and then came back here to do **Tomorrow Never Comes**.

What's involved in promoting a film?

Well, first of all, you have to do the initial Press Release. I get them done in French too. With **Tomorrow Never Comes**, I'm learning a great deal because I'm not only just doing Canadian publicity. I mean, on **Angela** I also did American publicity too. I got Sophia Loren into *Time* mag. I also got **Disappearance** into *Time* mag, but they never followed up in England with a photograph. Which really pissed me off because *Time* mag was there... thinking, you know, that I'm not doing my job very well. But what could I do?

With **Tomorrow**, I'm having to do a great deal more writing, because I'm working through Michael Klinger's PR guy in London, Fred Hift. Hift does publicity and he also contacts about 130 distributors around the world, so the information I send him goes out to all these people. There are photographs, production notes, column items, and I have to do, you know, little featurettes, and that's hard work.

Fred Hift handles international publicity, if you like, and I do Canada. If I set up something for John Osborne with the *New York Times*, there again, they have another guy in L.A., Chuck Moses. He's giving me people to call up in terms of bringing some Americans up here next week to get more American coverage. John Osborne did an interview with the *New York Times* this week. So this is good experience for me because I'm broadening my experience outside of just immediately Canada. It's important for the industry too, that I can have these contacts outside.

I mean this is quite fun, because it's international. I'm beginning to realize the importance of international promotion of the film. It goes hand in hand with international marketing which is something I don't think Canadians have really thought seriously about until recently.

It would seem that, although you deal with the press, who in turn writes for the public, the thrust of your work is aimed at marketing the film, aimed at the distributors and the world sales. The movie-going public seems to come second.

I think the Canadians are beginning to realize the value of publicity during a shoot. On the other hand, I don't know how valuable that is when the film comes out. Do people remember that Susan George gave an interview in the *Gazette*? I think publicity during the shoot is valid for a number of reasons; one, packaging the information which will go to the eventual distributor. Two, egos. Three, it's very important for the investors to see articles in the newspaper because they want to see something and say, "Hey, that's my movie, you know?" Obviously, it's good for the stars to have their faces in the public eye as often as possible. Now, whether or not, as I say, that particular article will bring people to the cinema, I have no idea.



photo: Lois Siegel

*I mention it only because we hear more and more often that films have completely recouped before they have been released; I'm thinking of **Angela** for example.*

You think the producers are making films for the distributors... I can't see any harm in that. I think it's good business, and it's a big time business now. Investors will reinvest in the next picture if they understand that their money is going to be recouped so rapidly.

If the distributor likes the idea of the film, he obviously has to judge the market; therefore, the audience has

to be taken into consideration. Then again, the distributors use my information when they prepare their own advertising and publicity. So there is a follow-through once the film gets into release.

Are you concerned about the quality of the films you work on?

P. That's a good question. I will be quite honest; we need work, so if it's an exploitation film, it doesn't matter to me because I'll just do my job as professionally as I can. I'm hired for that purpose. Of course, it would be wonderful to be involved in what they term an "artistic film", but artistic films seem to have a problem in distribution, I don't think we've really done anything that could be labelled as such. We haven't done any Antonioni-kind of stuff here but it doesn't matter, because it's as important that we're getting the experience.

I think that the films I have been fortunate enough to work on have been pretty good feature films, good commercial feature films. We've always seemed to have good casts - I mean, you can't get much better than Sophia Loren and John Huston and John Vernon and Steve Railsback. I got to know John Huston very well; in fact, he was going to direct a film in Toronto this summer, and he wanted me to do the publicity. I was very, very flattered, of course. It fell through, but... the joys of working on a film are maybe making one or two friends. That makes it all worthwhile despite all the "angst" that accompany any kind of production because of the pressures.

How do you handle it when you have to present people to the press who are difficult or just plain loathsome. Do you cover up for them?

No. I don't work like that. I work very straight. I don't believe in super-hype. I believe in straightforward facts. First of all, if you try and cover something up, they always find out, so what's the point, right? I prefer to just give factual information. Now I know that some producers like to super-hype. But I don't agree with it. You know, big adjectives, prestigious blah blah blah. I really don't go in for that. That guy is what that guy is like, and I don't see how you can cover something like that up, really, because the journalists are intelligent people.

But you must have difficult times...

There have been times. Take Oliver Reed. He has a reputation for being an extravagant liver, shall we say, and my first interview with him and Les Wedman of the *Vancouver Sun* was a perfect example. But, I wasn't surprised.

Oliver wasn't working yet and he was enjoying himself. And he works with Reg, his friend and his stand-in. They've been together for 6 years. I think they work as a team because, after all, don't forget, it must be very boring for an actor to give interview after interview after interview. So I think that he and Reggie have a little game they play. Occasionally he turns to him and says, "Shut-up, Reg", and this is kind of shocking, you see, to an interviewer. That day, gin was spilled and notes were thrown in the air and so I phoned Michael Klinger and said, "Listen Michael, I'm going to tell every journalist that if they want to interview Oliver Reed, they have to do so at their own risk. What's more, I want an insurance taken out on me." He just thought it was funny because, after all, Oliver is good copy, and in fact, I found him to be very cooperative and just very, very amusing and very creative. It's just to avoid the boredom that he just likes to do kooky things; he's been super and he hasn't been nasty. He's been really great.

Besides, people are only temporarily nasty. I think anyway that films do expose people. It's like the primal emotions, you know. Actually, that's why I like films because you're in a kind of a microcosm and you're living a six-week tightly knit set-up where you're working very hard, very close to these people and it's... what is it like? Not like an orgasm because that's kind of pleasurable. And it isn't always pleasurable. It's like living extremely intensely for six or seven or eight weeks and that's wonderful because you can get on a high on that. And people are really down to their basics and that's terrific. And it can be nasty and it can be a high, you know. You get the whole range of everything in the context of that intense, intensified period.

How's the pay?

Well, I get paid on a weekly basis like anyone else, but I'm non-union so I don't get overtime. I started off my first film at \$250 a week, and I've added on every single film ever since.

All of a sudden I realized what the crew were making. You know, the coffee boy in some films with overtime was making \$600-\$800 a week. That's incredible. I mean, I've never made that much per week. But from now on, I will charge so much per day. And, to live comfortably, it would take a minimum of three films a year.

After my experiences in England in my magic job for five years, I do not want to work in a bureaucratic environment ever again: fifty-two weeks a year with two weeks holiday! So, I'm prepared to earn less money. If I only do three or four films per year, I'm obviously going to make less than if I had a permanent job, but I don't mind because I really like the time off and I would like to travel some more. Films are bureaucratic but you know it's going to end. So you can put up with it. If there's a nasty situation you know, well, this film is only for 3 or 4 more weeks so I don't care, I'm just going to get on with it. But if it were a permanent job and there was a conflict of personalities, that would be disaster.

I want to be a free agent is what I'm saying. I want to be independent. I'm going to try - it's an experiment for me to try and support myself in the film industry so I'll continue to do so as long as people hire me to do films in Canada.

On the other hand, I'd like to go out on location abroad. This is another aim of mine. I would like to work on location; David Hemmings mentioned about doing *Vol de Nuit* in Brazil and he said offhandedly, "Well, you can work on that, if you like". Now, that would be wonderful, to go and work on a film in Brazil. That would be my ultimate aim: to get out of the country on to locations somewhere else in the world.

How much difference is there for you between working in Toronto and working in Montreal?

In Toronto, it's much easier. It's a centre. Take CBC for example. On *Coup d'Etat* I had two national items on CTV and CBC in Toronto. You know the little bit at the end of the news where they have to do a little humorous thing or whatever? I know the girl who does that, but she can't do it in Montreal because she's in Toronto, and she wouldn't send a crew all the way here just to do an item. So in terms of national cover-

age, it's easier for me out of Toronto.

When I'm in Montreal I feel really pissed off that I don't speak French better. One of my plans is, in January or February, to go to Aix-en-Provence and just immerse myself because I don't want to spend the winter in Trois-Rivières. I had signed up for a course at Laval before Expo and then the job came up and they said, "You had better start now". I'm impressed with the bilingualism here, and I can converse on the subject of the film in French because I know what the jargon is. But I cannot work fulltime in terms of writing my own releases; I have to have somebody translate them...

Is the Quebecois press sympathetic?

They've been very good. - They're not so interested in *Tomorrow*, as they were in *Blood Relatives*, but then that was Claude Chabrol who is a gem. He was just wonderful.

They're very supportive. I always speak to them in French first. I try and then I say, "Parlez-vous anglais?", and if they say, "No", I say "oh, ok", and then I just think it out very slowly. And actually, I like doing it. I like the French press. I like the verve. The French-Canadian have much more verve than English-Canadians. They really do.

Have you ever had a real bad shoot?

Not really. I can tell you that *Coup d'Etat* was a joy. I can tell you that *Tomorrow Never Comes* is a very pressured film, mostly because the weather has influenced the shoot a lot. We have to shoot out of doors, and the schedule changes nearly every day because it's been raining for a long time. That creates a few problems in terms of having to cancel. Like the other day, I had to reschedule five interviews. So let's hope it doesn't snow.

This has been, I will tell you, the toughest film I have worked on but that's also because I am now working on an international basis and a great deal more is being demanded of me. We're working with Klinger who is an international guy. He's very keen on publicity and he is tremendously demanding. But that's ok, because if I can survive this film, I shall be much better at my job. Klinger even said, "Prudence, by the end of this film you will be the best public relations lady or publicist in Canada".

Connie Tadros

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La leçon des mongoliens

Michel Moreau

french-colour ● 77 minutes ● 1974

Society has always regarded the mentally deficient and the mongol as "retarded". This film presents them to us simply, from another angle. Mongol children, who can teach us a great deal, are scrutinized directly, minutely and systematically by the camera.

Of Matter and Mettle

Jean Lepage

english-colour ● 10 minutes ● 1975

The viewer takes part in the preparations, efforts, joys and disappointments of young Québec athletes during the annual events of the Québec Games. The film, which moves at a swift, lively pace, won the highest award in the short subject category at the 8th Virgin Islands International Film Festival.

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Un petit canard pas comme les autres

Claude Roussel and Gilbert Gratton

french-colour ● 20 minutes ● 1972

If you adopt an animal, you become responsible for it. This is the story of a young boy who finds, looks after and heals an injured duckling. He then sets it free.
(Prize: Canadian Film Award)

White-tailed Deer

Bernard Beaupré

english-colour ● 11 minutes 48 seconds ● 1976

This film is intended to make known the deer-yard work of the biologists of the *Service de la Faune* of the *Ministère du Tourisme, de la Chasse et de la Pêche*.

UMIMMAQ

Bernard Beaupré

english-eskimo-colour ● 26 minutes 50 seconds ● 1976

The musk ox has been imported into Québec and everything suggests that this animal, whose habitat is the tundra, will be able to survive here without difficulty. For eight years now animals have been raised at Umimmaquautik, where they are doing well and reproducing. In the film we witness the realization of the aim of the experiment, the adaptation of the musk ox to the Québec tundra.

Wildlife no 1

Bernard Beaupré

english-colour ● 26 minutes 50 seconds ● 1976

Film to make known the work of the research workers and biologists of the *Service de la Faune* of the *Ministère du Tourisme, de la Chasse et de la Pêche*, dealing specifically with land wildlife.

Wildlife no 2

Bernard Beaupré

english-colour ● 26 minutes 50 seconds ● 1976

Film to make known the work of the research workers and biologists of the *Service de la Faune* of the *Ministère du Tourisme, de la Chasse et de la Pêche*, dealing specifically with aquatic wildlife.

HISTORICAL NOTES by Joyce Nelson

ROLAND BARTHES AND THE NFB CONNECTION

"Since myth robs language of something, why not rob myth? All that is needed is to use it as the departure point for a third semiological chain, to take its signification as the first term of a second myth."

-Roland Barthes, *Mythologies* (1957)

If there are times when structuralism and semiology seem like foreign imports, critical methodologies to which we must adjust and adapt ourselves but which emanate from distant cultures, it comes as a rather pleasant surprise to learn that early on in his illustrious career, Roland Barthes – a major figure in French structuralism and author of *Mythologies*, *Writing Degree Zero*, *S/Z*, *Pleasure of the Text* – made a film for the National Film Board.

Of Sport and Men, an hour-long black-and-white production, was made in 1961 in Montreal. I heard about the film only recently, through a teacher of cultural studies at the University of Toronto, who invited me to view it with his class. He, in turn, had learned of it through colleagues exploring the sociology of sport. I mention these contacts only to illustrate that the film has had a reputation and a viewership among sociological circles, but appears to have escaped notice from film studies practitioners.

The film is quite fascinating on several levels, and it certainly deserves to be rescued from the impending oblivion which may be in store for it, since, according to executive producer Guy Glover, *Of Sport and Men* has been withdrawn from the new NFB catalogue for 1977-78. There is always the hope that a deluge of requests for booking might avert the archival abyss.

The credits on the film itself call *Of Sport and Men* a film "by Roland Barthes". The late Hubert Aquin is named as producer, Guy Glover as executive producer, but no director, writer, or editor credits appear on the film. Robert Russel is given a translator credit, and Al Bachulus listed for music. At the NFB Reference Library, Ms. Todd checked the files and found that there Barthes is listed as writer for the film, but director and editor remain unnamed. To find out the extent of Barthes' involvement in the production and the story behind its making, it seemed worthwhile to contact Guy Glover, who kindly sorted out some of the confusions, shared his recollections about the people involved, and explained the larger context within which *Of Sport and Men* was made.

During the late Fifties, a series called *Comparisons* was initiated at the Board. Made for television-viewing, the series, in its first phase, was "an attempt to popularize certain sociological themes" through what were called prestige productions: high-budget hour-long films involving well-known experts as commentators. Between 1959 and 1961, four such films were made: *Four Families* (1959), *Four Religions* (1960), *Four Teachers* (1961), and *Courtship* (1961). Each production involved on-location shooting in four different countries; a famous expert in the relevant field scripted the commentary and appeared on-camera for studio sequences which bridged the location footage. For each film there was a team of at least five directors and crews, with Ian MacNeill responsible for all the studio shooting, and a different director sent to each of the four countries being compared. Thus, for example, *Four Families* explored the daily living habits of one family in Japan, another in India, one in France and one in Canada, with Margaret Mead providing the commentary in the studio.

Each of these four films was first released for television as an English production, and only a year or so later was there a French version made. Hubert Aquin was involved in the pre-

paration of the French versions. After 1961, the *Comparisons* series went into its second phase, during which the hour-long format was abandoned and fifteen half-hour films were produced, also for television. In between these two phases came *Of Sport and Men* – given the *Comparisons* logo, but quite unlike its predecessors in the series in conception, production and style.

According to Glover, after the four "prestige productions" had been completed, Hubert Aquin proposed his idea for *Of Sport and Men*, an hour-long film comparing a national sport in each of several countries. There was no more money for another high-budget film of this length, but it was not Aquin's intention to do any of the expensive location-shooting which had characterized the other films. Instead, he argued that the film he envisioned could be made quite inexpensively by purchasing stock library footage from a variety of sources like the BBC and US newsreel companies and by using material from the NFB's own library. Glover recalls him saying, "You could shoot for a year and not have a better selection of material." As well, Aquin's conception of the film did not necessitate studio sequences, but he did most definitely want the expert he had in mind. Roland Barthes, involved in the production.

Glover remembers that Aquin, former film critic for *L'Autorité*, CKAC and producer for Radio-Canada, was "a devoted follower of the work of Roland Barthes", whose essays on culture were being discussed enthusiastically in Quebec's intellectual circles at the time. Once the idea for *Of Sport and Men* was approved, library footage of famous sporting events was purchased from several countries and a special editor, Robert Russell, was brought in to work with Aquin. "They were very excited about the film, and so saturated with Roland Barthes' approach to analyzing culture and sport that they may have constructed the film according to it."

Barthes was brought over from Paris for a week to write the commentary. He was presented with a cutting copy of the film, a shot list

Joyce Nelson has taught filming at Queen's University and is presently working on a radio documentary. She and Seth Feldman have just completed the compilation of the Canadian Film Reader, soon to be published by Peter Martin.

with timings for each sequence, and given space at the Board for multiple viewings at an editing bench. Aquin, Russell and Barthes worked closely together for the week, preparing two versions of the commentary so that an English and a French version could be released for television simultaneously, a departure from the usual procedure in the series. Robert Russell translated from Barthes' French, a task which Glover recognized as being "almost impossible because of his richly nuanced style." Accordingly, "the two commentaries are really quite different," although **Le sport et les hommes** and **Of Sport and men** apparently coincide visually in every detail.

When asked whether Barthes involved himself in other productions being made at the Board during his stay, Glover explained that Barthes was quite interested in the Quebec filmmakers and probably spent most of his off-hours in their company. Many of them were quite familiar with and interested in Barthes' critical work, (*Le Degré Zéro de l'Écriture* was published in 1953, and *Mythologies* in 1957): "certainly Jutra knew Barthes' writings, and Barthes knew of Jutra who had made a film (*Anna la bonne*, 1959) in Paris with Truffaut."

Within the credits for **La lutte**, made in 1961 by Jutra, Michel Brault, Claude Fournier and Marcel Carrière, there is a printed "hommage" to Roland Barthes. This, plus the coincidence of the similar production date for **Of Sport and Men** and **La lutte**, warranted a phone-call to Jutra, who confirmed that "Barthes happened to be passing through Montreal during the time **La lutte** was being discussed, and since wrestling very much interested him as a sport, he was invited to come along during the filming." **La lutte** was shot "without a script or anything" in one evening, with "ten cameras and eight Nagras" – a kind of spontaneous mad-cap event in which "Barthes was just there, hanging around". The film "was a hit in France among the intellectual circles," and the homage was included in the credits "because he and all of us so enjoyed the evening". Although Jutra did not imply that Barthes was any more than a guest on the shooting of **La lutte**, it would certainly be interesting to think about the film in terms of his well-known analysis, "The World of Wrestling" published in *Mythologies*.

The commentary for **Of Sport and Men** is a continuation of the kind of semiological investigation into cultural conventions evident in *Mythologies*. Within the *Comparisons* series, the film is an anomaly, indeed, a return to an honorable tradition of filmmaking at the Board – the compilation film. While ostensibly a vehicle for Barthes' perceptive analysis of five different national sports – bullfighting, Formula car-racing, the Tour de France bicycling event, hockey, and soccer (or "English football" as it is called in the film) – there is also an underlying suggestion of the kind of interrogation of the image itself for which semiology in its couplings with film theory has proved so useful.

Each of the five sections is strikingly different in editing pace, selection of consistent camera style to characterize and shape the material of a section, music, extent and use of cutaways to develop involvement between spectator and sport, the amount of commentary in proportion to use of wild-track sound, length, etc. If, as Guy Glover claims, Barthes was presented with a *fait accompli* and was

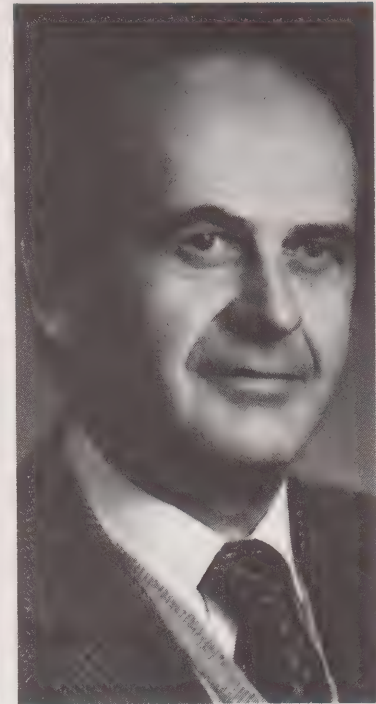
not at liberty to alter or make suggestions about the order of edited shots or their lengths, then seemingly the structure of the edited images would impose its own limitations and propose its own conventions for Barthes' analysis. A careful exploration of **Of Sport and Men** as an editing exercise, "a film made totally in the cutting-room", might reveal the visual structure Barthes had to work with – the filmic complications which placed him at one remove from sport as spectacle as the subject of analysis, and confronted him with sport as filmed spectacle instead.

Glover describes **Of Sport and Men** as "a labor of love" for its small team of filmmakers. If rather unlike any of the other *Comparisons* films in the series, at least in terms of budget and production style, it distinguishes itself by its grounding in a theoretical base by which such comparisons can be made. It is to be hoped that there will be an increasing audience for **Le sport et les hommes** and **Of Sport and Men** in Canada, the source of Roland Barthes' NFB connection. □

FILM HOUSE APPOINTMENTS



Dave C. Herrington



Nolan F. Roberts

Mr. Doug Macdonald, President of Film House, is pleased to announce the appointment of Dave Herrington and Nolan Roberts as members of the Board of Directors and Company Vice-Presidents. Film House is the most comprehensive post-production complex in Canada offering full laboratory and sound facilities in one location for feature films, television commercials and documentaries.

West Coast filmmaker Sandy Wilson offers us all the reflection of our young years in *Growing Up At Paradise*. Jerry McNabb meet with her at Pumps, an art co-op in Vancouver.

by Jerry McNabb

paradise regained



Growing Up At Paradise is the ultimate home movie. Sandy Wilson used her father's home movies, footage he had been shooting since 1948, and edited them down to a tight 20 minutes. **Paradise** is the family's Paradise Ranch, located in British Columbia's Okanagan Valley. All the shots that everyone remembers from their own home movies are there – opening Christmas presents, going to the parade, a costume party, and teenage dances. As Kirk Tougas of the Pacific Cinematheque said, Sandy's home movies are really everyone's home movies.

Cinema Canada: When did you decide to make **Growing Up At Paradise**?

Sandy Wilson: I started thinking about it while looking at some footage of when I was a baby with Mom and Dad in the orchard. I was thinking how magic that was, that I could look back and see things the way they were when I was a baby.

Cinema Canada: When did you start on it?

Sandy Wilson: It was always in the back of my mind to make some kind of film, if just for myself. But I guess I actually began working on it in the Summer of 1973. When I was employed by the Provincial (B.C. Educational Media Centre, I thought I could do it as a film that would fit into the grade seven social studies program. But it was a difficult film. Nothing came easy.

Because I don't have a lot of money, and I was working on the film with a Canada Council grant, I would have to leave it for months at a time while I tried to earn a living.

I've always thought the best films were those that told me the most about the person who made the film...

(laughs)... at the same time, I wouldn't mind making a little money.

How do you achieve the balance?

I don't know, really. If you work just to please other people, there are so many people to please. Having worked at the Film Board, and working for other people, I learned that you either please yourself, or simply work for somebody else. That's why I was happy to be making this film on a Canada Council grant, so I wouldn't have to answer to anybody else.

But that's the gamble you take. This film is a good length for classroom use. I've made it as tight and as well technically as I can. I tried to keep certain people in mind who might use the film, such as teachers. But, still, I know it's hard to make money from films in Canada. Sometimes I think maybe I should try my luck in Los Angeles, but I don't know if I would ever do that.

What were your feelings while you were working on it – on something so very close to you?

Oh, I loved it. I had a happy time growing up and going back to that footage was magic. I remember most of it, and even when I dream, most of the background is Paradise Ranch. But some of it hurts to watch, especially the part when I was a teenager. I was such an awful teenager.

What was your family's reaction?

My brother Matthew said if I could get away with this one, he was going to start making movies.

My father questioned some of the shots I chose and said he would have used different shots. But he said I have a good way of putting things together.

Jerry McNabb, one of the founders of the Toronto Filmmakers' Coop, is presently with the Canadian Filmmakers' Distribution Centre.

There are a number of people, family and friends, whose judgement I value, and I hope to God they like it. So I did little things during the editing. The part where my brother Guy is climbing in the mountains, I put the sound of a meadowlark over that because I know he really likes meadowlarks.

Can you explain the technical process you went through to get a workprint and so on?

My father shot all the original in 16mm, starting back in 1948. I took the original to the labs here in Vancouver and made a color print for my father and a black and white workprint for editing. Later, I asked my father to shoot some modern-day footage to work into the film.

So the original is the actual A & B roll?

Yes. But when I took the A & B rolls to the lab, they decided they could not take the risk to print the film because the original had shrunk over the years. They suggested I take it to Arnold Sheimer at the Film Board in Montreal. He knows a lot about plastics and celluloids and does research into printing. He was a fantastic person to work with. He looked at the film and measured it to get an average of how much the film had shrunk. Then he put it into a secret bath overnight that de-shrunk the film. He calls it redimentionalized – He doesn't like me to call it de-shrunk.

Most of the narration and comments were done before I had any idea of how I was going to put the film together. I just went up to Paradise Ranch one weekend with a Nagra.

Little kids seem to especially enjoy the film. Did you expect that reaction from children?

That is a totally unexpected and delightful surprise. The first time I realized children were enjoying the film was during the final editing. A little girl, about three or four, was watching the workprint with her mother on the Steenbeck, with the small image and lousy sound. I expected to have to entertain this little girl while her mother watched the film. But she was mesmerized. She was giggling and laughing. And when I showed it at the Pacific Cinematheque, a couple of seven-year-olds howled with laughter throughout. I don't know how much they are understanding, but they enjoy the film.

Is there going to be a sequel?

Oh, there's some beautiful footage left, and I would love to do a sequel. But I think my father is inspired to pick it up, and that would be more appropriate. □

Filmography

Sandy's 10-minute black and white 16mm film **Garbage** was chosen to be aired on CBC's "Take 30" program in 1969. She edited **Penticton Profile**, an SFU Film Workshop project funded by the National Film Board. In 1971 **The Bridal Shower**, a 23-minute drama was paid for by a grant from the Canadian Film Development Corporation. After working for the NFB in Montreal in 1972, she directed **He's Not the Walking Kind**, a 1/2 hour documentary. She directed and edited several films, including **Raising the Gilhast Pole** while working for the Provincial Educational Media Centre in B.C. In 1974, she directed another film for the NFB, **Pen Hi Grad**, which was shown on CBC's *Pacificanada* series. Most recently, she has completed **Growing Up at Paradise**.

on being
a hungarian
wallflower

by Susan Alper

Ready for the get-away and other adventures

András Vajda hardly missed a beat as he grew into manhood and discovered the charms of older women. But there were those who stood on the sidelines, both in his life and in the movie which tells the story. Either way, they were the extras. Susan Alper was just such an extra, and she tells us about her adventure during the filming of *In Praise of Older Women*.

Lunch break at 10:00 p.m. and all is groaning at Ben's Delicatessen. There is much commiseration among the extras. And hunger. We have been working since 5:30 p.m., are tired, and like talking about it. After some deliberation one of the crew, wearing the title "In Praise of Older Women" on his chest, chooses a seat. When asked about his job he answers. "I'm not really sure what I do." Up until that very day he had himself been an extra; somehow, he has managed a promotion. His present contact with the lower caste is making him uneasy. Eyes shift to door and enter PR man Douglas Leopold with clipboard and model-cum-psych-student-cum-extra temporarily at hand. Ex-extra leaps from his chair to the higher strata, abruptly turning his back without a word, and joins the new arrivals. That, I have learned, is show business, and for eight hours and fifty minutes I too, am part of the show.

Dressed à la Budapest 1951, I and approximately 125 other hopefuls have been gathered together in a downtown Montreal church hall to perform in the dance sequence of *In Praise of Older Women*. Flanked on one side by posters of Lenin, Stalin and Rakosi (the former Hungarian President), and, by a window in the shape of the Star of David on the other, it is no wonder that most of us are confused. High above us, from a balcony, director George Kaczender via an assistant is commanding action. He asks for light and there is light and we look good. We do not look into the camera, however, which is also good. In this small world created out of balloons, crepe paper, and Salvation Army surplus, one must not talk, eat, drink, or stare into the machinery. One dances. Or, as in my case, one hugs various walls. While walking from "hair" to "make-up" I was told the news: "You are a wallflower. You will not dance, but you must circulate." For forty dollars and twenty-five cents it is the very least I can do.

There is a *mystique* associated with "movies" that draws the disenchanted believers, as well as the uninitiated, to such sets and keeps them there in spite of themselves. Most of the extras who have been taught for two sweaty hours to tango, fox-trot and waltz their way into the heart of pre-revolution Hungary are fourteen and fifteen year olds recruited from nearby Montreal High School. Very excited and energetic, they begin the evening wide-eyed and, if not dumbstruck, at least impressed with the goings on. At the other end of the ego-system, an older group made up of acting and university students, and professionals, is considerably less enthused. These people have been in this kind of situation before and are not amused. The fact that they are to be paid does little to arouse them to greater efforts.

In bringing Stephen Vizinczey's 1965 novel to the screen, Kaczender is treading softly and smoking a pipe. He and his crew have descended from the balcony and continue shooting on the floor. The star, Tom Berenger, fresh from filming *Waiting For Mr. Goodbar* opposite Diane Keaton,

photo by CinéMag



Kaczender orchestrates the ballroom scene

photo by CinéMag



Wall to wall wallflowers

photo by CinéMag



Fruit syrup and pretzels! Could this be Hungary?



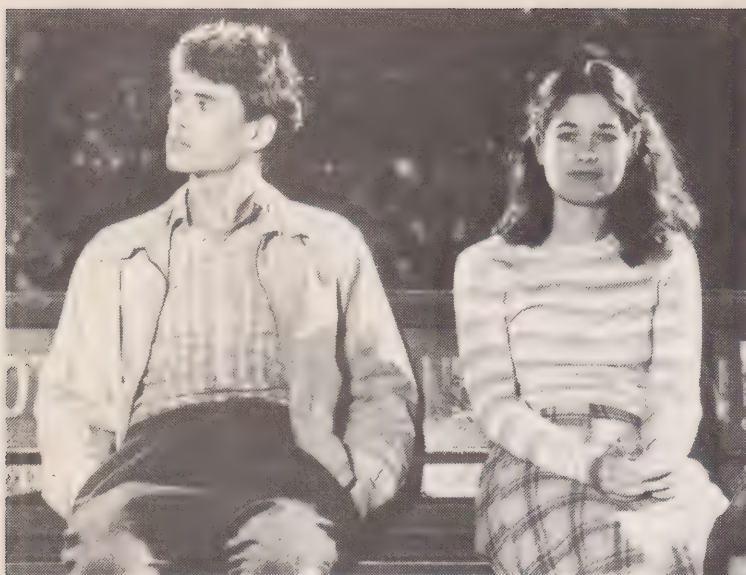
Waltzing away the evening in the old country

is being given direction. Something is wrong. Movies based on books make me nervous – I tend to feel over-protective toward the author. This scene, which appears in Chapter Four of the novel, has been re-worked. András Vajda, the character in the book, tells his readers of his experience at a Communist Youth Organization party. While dancing slowly with his date for that occasion, the unattractive and skinny Bernice, sixteen year old András is amazed by a sudden, unexpected display of masculinity. Bernice, true to her youth, is reduced to a fit of hysterical giggling. Eventually, all her friends are afflicted, and refuse to accept András' requests to dance. One dismisses him with a contemptuous, "I wouldn't dance with *you!*" Feeling quite a pervert, although not understanding exactly why, András slouches moodily home to his mother.

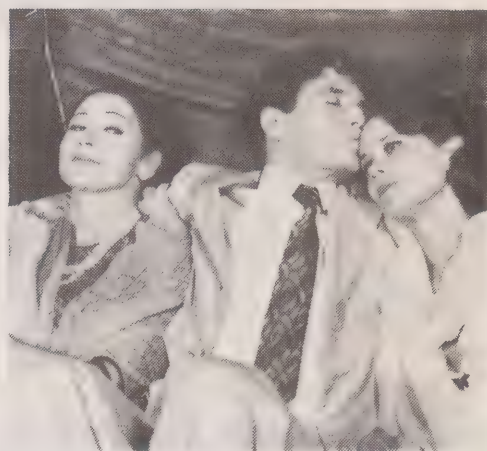
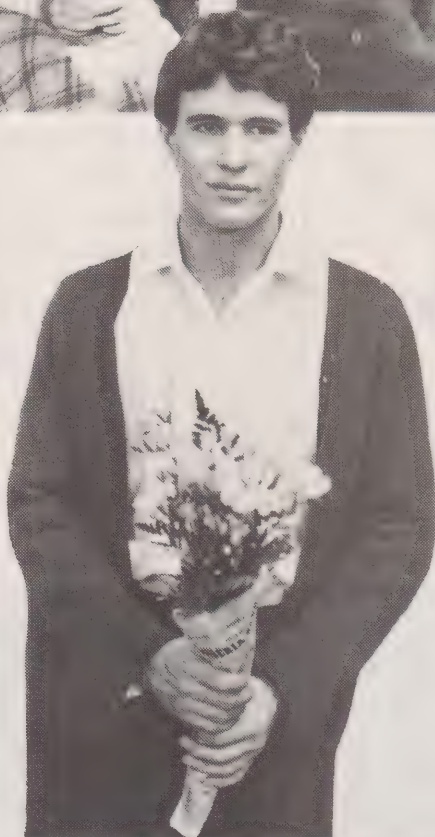
The movie version has its inevitable differences. Tom Berenger, according to one male dancer, "looks like a star". He is also "tremendous in the love scenes with Susan Strasberg and Karen Black", says one female bit player. It seems Tom is above reproach and is making an admirable András. Bernice, portrayed by a nervous actress who is slim but not unattractive, does not resemble her fictional counterpart in spirit. Instead of embarrassed laughter, this Bernice responds to András' indiscretion with sulks and blushes. Nobody is laughing. Berenger asks a chosen, much-envied extra, "May I have this dance?" and is answered, quite theatrically, "You may, *if* you can find a partner." At some other point, Berenger and an actress who plays the role of a middle-aged teacher, dance to the tune of "The Anniversary Waltz." They are encircled by extras who, although smiling and applauding, do not understand exactly why. The actors are pleased with the take. The director and producer are pleased. The extras are hungry.

Among the unpaid group there is talk of feeling 'used'. One student is considerably offended, "God, they really treat you like dirt here. I was in another movie and there they really appreciated us. They gave us Kentucky Fried Chicken." The camera did not seem to be paying enough attention to her, she complained. After seven hours of shooting and six lines of dialogue, the business of making movies seems more tedious than glamorous – too much waiting and not much worth waiting for. The high school students worry about getting home. This party, over-chaperoned and overlong, is losing ground.

In the preface to the novel, András explains his artistic intent as follows: "I have the extravagant notion that my recollections may help to bring about a better understanding of the truth that men and women are created equal regardless of their dates of birth – and may thereby stimulate a broader intercourse between the generations." Broader intercourse between the paid extras and the crew results in new developments. The actress who turned down Berenger's invitation to dance is conversing with an assistant director on the subject of recent film festivals and Frank Capra's talk at Concordia University. He, unfortunately, missed both. He straightens his scarf, adjusts his smile and turns to model seated close by. Being in the right place, at the right time, is what getting into a movie seems to be about. The assistant director approaches a couple that has been together since the shooting began, splits them apart, and tells the boy to dance with the model in the next number. The two are shown exactly where to stand in front of the camera. The jilted firl fades into the bench crowd. The high school extras have forgotten they are involved in the filming of a dance and wonder how they get conned into coming to such a bad one. At 2:00 a.m., upwardly mobile model and assistant director fade out into the night. Grand illusions die quickly on the dance floor. And so do circulating wallflowers.



András (Tom Berenger) musing about the flowers to be picked. They will include (starting upper right and going clockwise) Helen Shaver, Marilyn Lightstone, Karen Black, Alexandra Stewart, Louise Marleau and Marianne McIsaac.



and in april...

A *Playboy* photomontage is expected to pick up, approximately, where *Cinema Canada's* ends.

LOOK



Grants to Ontario Screenwriters

The Ontario Arts Council announces a competition for a limited number of Grants of up to \$3,000 each for Ontario writers wishing to create scripts for feature-length dramatic films.

Deadline for Application is December 15, 1977.

Applicants must be Ontario Residents and must submit:

1. Completed Ontario Arts Council Application Forms;
2. A previously completed screenplay to indicate familiarity with the craft of writing for the screen;
3. An outline for the proposed script on which the writer wishes to work with Grant Assistance.

Results of the competition will be announced in early March, 1978.

For Application Forms and additional information contact:

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The Festival Game

In the following brief introduction to the articles on the Toronto and Montreal international festivals, a model is proposed against which to measure the two events.

Seldom have cinematographic tempers run quite as high as during the great Montreal-Toronto festivals debate. People from the two cities were just hankering to get into a fight about which was best.

It was as if our persistent national confusion could be resolved if only we could get a fix on the festival scene. As if, once Montreal – or Toronto, as the case may be – predominated, all the other problems would fall into place and oblivion.

All the talk (one is tempted to say chatter) about the World Film Festival of Canada and the Festival of Festivals has presumed that the organizers had in mind the same goals: that they were trying to beat each other out, using the same standard. In fact, the festivals were dissimilar in many ways. The common goal, if there was one, was probably for each festival to get its fair share of the grant money available from the Bureau of Festivals in Ottawa.

Qualitatively, festivals can be measured. A festival of international standing must meet certain criteria. (When the flyer for the Festival International de Rouyn-Noranda came across the **Cinema Canada** desk, one knew that the word "festival" had ceased to mean much in Canada.)

There are many events, world-wide, which call themselves "festivals". They show a lot of films and attract a lot of publicity. Most of them also stir up the local public and excite it about films. They are good for the tourist trade and, if they include competitions, can be good for the films in terms of international publicity. But just because a film wins a prize at Teheran or the Virgin Islands, it doesn't mean these festivals take on real international stature.

Major festivals meet several criteria which include the following:

A substantial number of recent films are selected to be shown to film professionals for the first time. Professionals, and here one means film distributors and sales agents for the most part, are busy people. They won't go out of their way unless there is some guarantee that they will be able to see new films, and that these films will be available to them to bid on. They come to do business, not to go to the movies.

The larger the selection of films, and the greater the diversity in terms of country of origin, the greater the potential for bringing in buyers. And, like reverse dominos, the more sales agents and distributors who gather in one place, the more agents and producers and stars tend to follow, all gathering in an effort to sell their product. Other business, like concluding co-production deals and the like, are a happy by-product of a successful festival.

A structured market-place functions, setting up screening facilities for films which are not official participants

in the festival. Basic means of communication are provided by the organization – a meeting place, a directory, an exhibition hall – but individuals are given leeway to promote their films as best they can.

What differentiates a major international festival from, say an international market place like MIFED (the international film and documentary market in Milan), is the presence of the press and that tribal activity, the press conference.

The press is there to go to the movies, which is in itself work; Cannes can easily mean 6 films a day for 2 weeks. Directors are invited by the festival and given a platform, the press conference, to meet with the press. Actors, scriptwriters, producers etc. oftentimes come too, in an effort to impress and get important press coverage. If a festival is to get the kind of echos it needs to stay in business, the press is provided for, wooed with cocktail party here, a supper there, all under the guise of introducing it to the makers of films.

For those few festivals which can claim real international importance, the combinations of these elements is primordial. The festival itself takes on a life of its own as its organizers fade into the background.

In Canada this fall, there was a lot of talk, both in the press and among festival-goers, advocating the maintenance of both festivals. The principal was the-more-the-merrier; several noted that nothing was more typically Canadian than to have two versions, one French and one English, of a major festival. In view of the country's search for harmony, it is easy to understand the emotions of those who prone two festivals.

The problem is that, by their very nature, the great international festivals are highly competitive. Even now, Berlin is trying to ease Cannes out of the number one spot by changing its dates. If a Canadian festival is to take on international significance, then it will have to attract the best films, the most prestigious guests and the greatest numbers of press people. Two festivals can only water each other down.

Canada's two "festivals" may well continue, each keeping the other from attaining real stature. Each will go on pleasing the local audience, and livening up the local scene. But neither will become important in the big sense of the world, and neither will put Canada on the cinematographic map as a focal place for doing film business. This last goal should be weighed heavily when the final evaluations are made.

Connie Tadros

toronto: year two

Toronto's enthusiasm for its own festival seemed boundless. Stephen Chesley's article below is a good example of that. Clive Denton, an experienced programmer, shares some of his thoughts.

by Stephen Chesley

photo Chris Holland



The organizers – weary but happy – Dusty Cohl, Linda Beath and Bill Marshall

The second annual Festival of Festivals burst on the September scene with just as much ballyhoo as last year, fewer unfilled promises, a stupid 'contest' with Losique's Montreal opus, and a strong base of solid planning and programming. The result was a film-packed, audience-satiated ten days that began slowly and developed momentum to lead to a smiling, contented finale.

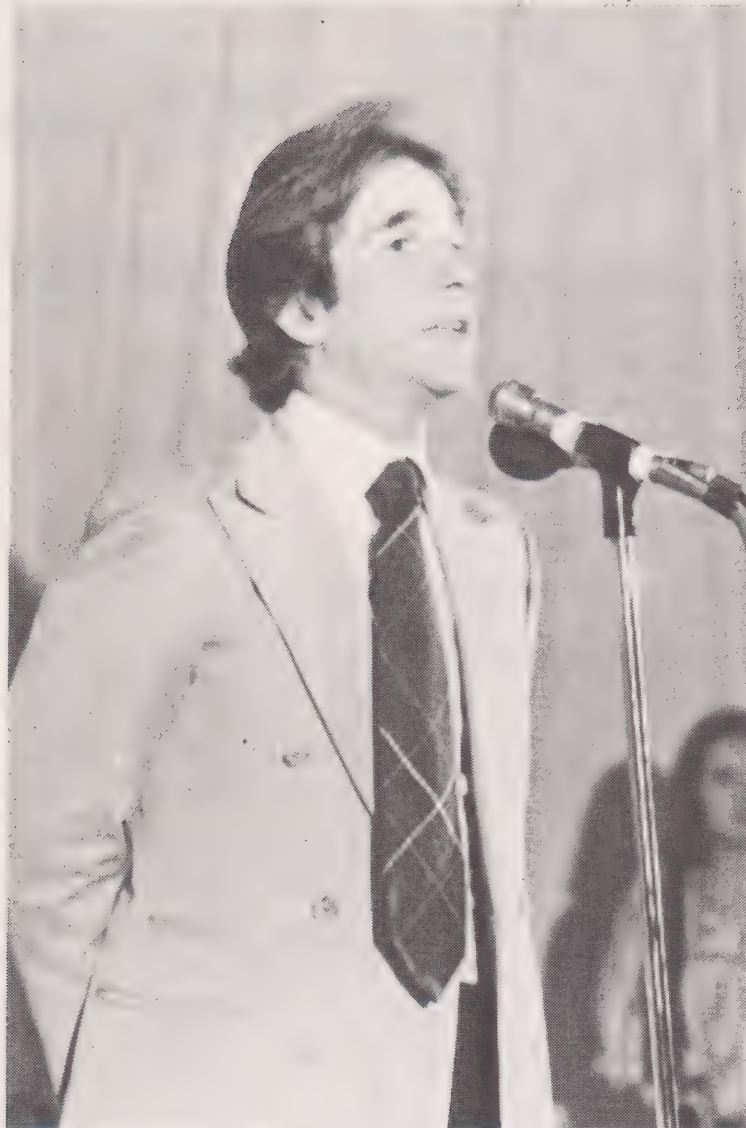
Festival heads Henk Van der Kolk and Bill Marshall were determined to improve upon last year's successful but slightly chaotic event. And without apology, says Van der Kolk. "We knew we needed three years to get the kinks out, both in planning and financially. By next year we'll reach our goal. Meanwhile, we will make mistakes; but in such a huge project, perfection just isn't possible."

Nor is perfection required or expected. In fact, this year's event was almost snag-free. A few projection problems were quickly rectified; co-op screenings were disrupted by last minute planning (and patrons were refunded money); the Greek program was obliterated by shipping foul-ups (a print was sent subtitled as requested, but in French. Halfway across the Atlantic the mistake was discovered and a substitute was sent – too late); and even the censor board was quiet. (*Je tu il elle* was pulled after a 1000 foot deletion request was refused by Marshall. Another film had ten feet cut. Otherwise, said Marshall, the censor board co-operated greatly).

There was a lack of discretion in press treatment at first. Some films in the showings lacked subtitles. But the audience accepted the problems and enjoyed themselves immensely. And that's what counts in the end.

Numbers count too, and in fact attendance was up this year, aided no doubt by clearer scheduling, by blocks, better and physically closer facilities, and less insistence on

Stephen Chesley founded Impact Magazine in 1971 and was editor of The Canadian Film Digest from 1972 to 1974. He is presently a free-lance writer and photographer in Toronto.



Henry Winkler played the hero instead of the Fonz.

glamor for the rich few and more emphasis on seeing as many films as possible that one wouldn't normally get to see – the prime purpose of any festival.

After just a few days there was a tangible sense of community, even though no central gathering-place existed. Perhaps none was needed; there were so many good films shown, many running simultaneously, that idle chatter was virtually impossible to fit into one's schedule.

Programmers David Overby, Agnes Varda, Martin Knelman, Jean-Pierre Bastien, Peter Harcourt and Wayne Clarkson were given free rein to develop their contributions, and each was warmly received by a loyal and interested audience. Bastien felt that his Quebec Retrospective offered Toronto the first accurate picture of French-Canadian filmmaking and thought the films were very well received. Peter Harcourt's Ophuls Retrospective culminated in an unscheduled discussion period. David Overby's Update jumped from one undistributed gem to another. Martin Knelman's Buried Treasures saw actress and star Luce Guilbeault translate in person a film that came untitled from the National Film Board in Montreal (commented Knelman, "They're subtitled only for showing outside of the country.").

In all, there were ninety-seven features and thirty shorts, including efforts from the Toronto Filmmakers' Co-op and the Atlantic Co-op. With a student half-price week ticket of \$35 subsidized by Coca Cola, that's a very low cost per film, even if you saw only half. And much of the audience was student-aged; during work days little adult attendance is possible. That hurt only the conferences (more on that

later). One surprise was the relatively small attendance at the galas. This was due partly to the fact that these evening events had strong competition from the other programs, and that the galas were repeated the next afternoon. And the word was not spread well that individual tickets could be bought for any screening.

But the programming was also surprising in another way: Canadian success. It's appropriate that a festival run by Bill Marshall would illustrate the current confidence in the feature film industry. Marshall is not afraid to hype his activities and has a talent for drawing press coverage that is at best unsympathetic. Yet he does speak confidently, and so did the three hits of the festival, all Canadian (and one of which he produced). Dick Benner's **Outrageous** brought standing ovations and cheering and shouting from a capacity crowd – a sight that dazzled investors and was the talk of every panel discussion, especially by American participants. The National Film Board's **J.A. Martin photographe** moved almost immediately into a commercial run, with strength from Festival raves. Robin Spry's NFB feature **One Man** was the subject of hot rumors about U.S. and Canadian distribution deals, although all momentum was lost when no deals were signed.

photo Chris Holland



The panel on screenwriting

There's no doubt that Toronto again confirmed its position as a top filmgoing city of the world. Marshall's desire to see a film market adjacent to the festival could occur starting next year, but he's leaving it up to the professional associations to set that one up. He'll concentrate on solidifying this year's gains.

One gain was in credibility, arising largely from the glamor or contingent. This year it arrived in numbers, without unfulfilled promises and name-dropping.

Last year, virtually none of the projected film industry royalty attended, and this year, Marshall kept his mouth shut and let the bodies speak for him. Which they did. And co-operated greatly, too. From Donald Sutherland, Peter O'Toole, Frank Capra, Henry Winkler (who wowed a special tandem youth program) and Sydney Pollock to Francine Racette, Gillo Pontecorvo, Agnes Varda, Denys Arcand, Robert Kaufman, Len Cariou, Robin Spry, John Simon, Kathleen Carroll,

William Wolf, Jean Beaudin, David Helperin, Joan Tewkesbury, Jayne Eastwood, Jean-Claude Labrecque, and countless contributors from the business side of filmmaking. The input was large and co-operative, and unaffected.

Aside from press conferences that were private, and the opening and closing parties which were restricted to Silver Pass holders, the showbiz guests mingled with audiences, saw films, and, above all, participated in conferences.

Three groups of conferences were organized. A slate of experienced luminaries in various aspects of financing and marketing gave sessions to an audience that responded well, but which was notably lacking in Canadian Producers. And it was the Canadian producers' association who sponsored the talks set up by CAMPP President David Perlmutter. Commented Marshall, "Maybe they don't need any advice."

Festival Reflections

Toronto's Festival of Festivals was held in September (somewhat earlier than last year). It acted like a two-year-old, I hasten to say, rather than like a one-year-old. While Montreal's World Film Festival made mistakes with bad projection, widely separated theatres, expensive but under-exploited guests, etc., Toronto corrected most of those same mistakes which it too had in '76. Projection was better (not really good but undeniably better), the main theatres involved were conveniently close together (in fact, walking briskly up and down those few blocks on Bay Street was the only exercise most of us got) and some of the guests were grabbed while they were in town anyway.

There was some doubt as to whether Canada should have two officially supported festivals in one summer but, inevitably, in our nervously divided country (could Separation be any worse than the present schizophrenia?), the English cannot have a toy that the French can't match, and vice versa. Proliferation is likely, quite beyond this, as festivals crowd out Europe and threaten to do the same in North America. There was a time when film enthusiasts were actually supposed to *travel* to the main events - Cannes, Berlin and Venice, chiefly. Now, only a few writers, producers and freeloaders do this; all festivals rely almost entirely on support from people within their areas. This year's New York Festival, referring to a horrendous metropolitan nightmare drama, announced in its brochure, "If you live in New York City, you must see this". And, of course, 90% of its audience did live there. So, the more the merrier, really. It's a debasement of the original 1930s festival idea, but also seems a fact of life.

In terms of newspaper coverage, Bill Marshall's greatest coup was producing Henry Winkler, "The Fonz" in person. His film, **Heroes**, wasn't quite ready but clips were shown and, to many people's amazement, Mr. Winkler was shown not to be necessarily, inescapably, "Fonzie" for all time. (Who said there was no God?) Following last year's howl of complaint about Canada being a part of the American studios' domestic market (it is, in practical terms, but never mind), there were two Hollywood productions previewed. At least, one was actually English, **Joseph Andrews**, but it had the magic name

They would have received it. Even this audience, made up mostly of inexperienced students, went a long way towards understanding the crazy film business.

A session on financing, with government types such as Dinah Hoyle from secretary of State Department and Joseph Beaubien from the CFDC, outlined potential ways of funding films, but of greatest interest was the discussion surrounding the involvement of stock brokers in film financing, a procedure now impossible in Ontario, but used elsewhere. There was also the feeling that the CFDC is becoming a minor player at best in the feature financing game. Producer Robert Cooper related his battle to get **Coup d'Etat** off the ground, stressing the importance of legal and accounting expertise. Not many insights over-all, but a solid summary of possibilities.

Paramount attached, which qualified. The other was Columbia's **Bobby Deerfield**. Nobody seemed to like either very much but they were unarguably *there* so honor was satisfied.

It was noticeable that, with few exceptions, the new festival entries at Montreal and Toronto were entirely different. This raises a possible problem if, as one suspects, the organizers were determined they *should* be different. Was Toronto denied such fine films as the Italian **Padre, Padrone** or the Japanese **The Corporation** because they had already been in Montreal? Was Montreal deprived of another lovely Italian effort **We All Loved Each Other Very Much** or the exquisite French dramatic comedy **The Right Way to Walk** because Toronto had secured them? Slightly worrying, that point; perhaps it's a case for centralization. Conversely, it must be admitted - it's rather a pleasure to admit - that the poor old cinema of 1977, often derided by myself and others as "work-ed out" on the basis of what we usually see in commercial theatres - came up with enough good and stimulating new films to feed two hungry Canadian outlets. Mind you, there were some stinkers too, but still...

Toronto relied on retrospectives, partly legitimately, but partly, one must suspect, to round out an imposing lineup, on paper. Retrospectives have always been considered a nice bonus at festivals, boys and girls, not a mainstream activity! Still, Peter Harcourt deserves commendation for his excellent Max Ophuls series (though I wish he'd stop making jokes about being "the token academic"; he's either proud of it, or could forget about it, and so could we). The Ophuls prints, like all festival prints were of variable quality, but at best could make you weep for the now-vanished beauty of their compositions and actual physical perfection. Martin Knelman trundled out some (not very deeply) "Buried Treasures". For no particular reason, the festival actually opened (before the official First Night) with a print of Edward Dmytryk's **Give Us This Day**, insistently titled **Christ in Concrete** in publicity, after the short story on which the very downbeat 1949 Anglo-American film was based. I'm not sure what this had to do with anything else, but I've always wanted to see this unpopular and therefore rare picture. So, thanks a lot.

Clive Denton

Clive Denton is a film professor and broadcaster. For many years, he was the Program Director for the Ontario Film Theatre.

A session on foreign sales brought home a theme that ran throughout all the conferences: Canadian modesty and insecurity. Foreign sales rep Irving Shapiro asked why Canadians don't use their box office clout. Home Box Office's Arnie Huberman expressed surprise; after attending last year's event, he expected to get 250 Canadian scripts. He got four. Similarly, the marketing seminar returned again and again to current Canadian successes as examples, usually of what not to do. Billy Baxter emphasized that all who come in contact with selling a pic must be fully informed about it; this would include sending a theatre manager the press kit. And he used **Outrageous** as an example of how to use advertising and openings to best advantage. Arthur Manson pointed out that films are usually more successful in Canada than they are in the U.S.: "Canadians do a better job." Baxter said this was not always so. He saw **One Man** at Cannes and tried to buy it – "It's timely in theme, a good movie, is being talked about, and has a potential film star in Len Cariou" – but he couldn't even get the NFB on the phone. Columbia Canada's new General Manager Irving Ivers wondered why, after the initial success of **Why Shoot the Teacher**, only five trailers were in circulation and the film wasn't playing all around the Southern Ontario region, but instead, losing momentum. Canadians, said Manson, have made good films, but haven't followed through.

Then there were the Craft Conferences. The acting session revealed little about details of technique, but with a talent-filled panel, the audience really saw the range of attitudes and philosophy toward the craft. Sutherland, O'Toole, Susannah York, Jayne Eastwood, Len Cariou, Carole Lazare, Francine Racette and moderator William Wolf provided wit, if not large amounts of wisdom. They showed themselves to be professionals committed to their professions. The sour notes were few.

photo Chris Holland



Two members from the cast at the gala for **Outrageous!**

The screenwriting conference offered domination attempts – although unconscious – by various schools. There was the Dick Benner I-Keep-Control-and-Always-Integrity philosophy. And the Robert Kaufman Hollywood glitter, name-dropping, sarcastic attitude. All up there in the flesh, especially Kaufman, who was funny, domineering, almost obnoxious, but in the end very valuable simply for his intensity in describing the perseverance and fortitude needed to make it, no matter what kind of film you write. Only Joan Tewkesbury offered too little, but she saved her considerable expertise for the weekend session on Remaining Independent. One



Elliot Gould and Wilt Chamberlain at the closing party at the Toronto City Hall

wanted to hear much more about working with Robert Altman, but only glimpses were available (his scripts are not improvised but very tight, allowing the actors little room to wing it. Altman accepts suggestions from all involved, including crew. He markets carefully and shrewdly; for example, moving his film into a multiple theatre playing beside **Stars Wars**, and thus getting the spill-over).

Not all the comments were brilliant, but many were insightful. Writer Tom Hedley: "We've become the B movie capital of the world, giving work to declining stars or ones who should have made it but didn't." Joan Tewkesbury: "In starting, lifestyle is important. You can't be bound to it. Environmental screenwriting uses very specific behavior in a very specific place, adds most of the dialogue, then asks the actor to add to it." Maureen O'Donnell of the CBC suggested an apprenticeship publicists' program to fill a real void in the industry. John Trent rightly bemoaned the fact that all TV time in Canada is sold out far in advance, and that Canadian films are always given shifting release dates. A major strike is against them in that area alone: competent advertising campaigns.

Even the weekend series, Remaining Independent, was valuable for the insights. Most were given as anecdotes by chairman David Helperin Junior (**Hollywood on Trial**) and panelists Howard Smith (**Marjoe**) and Arnie Riesman and Tewkesbury, who together, are developing a property for Tewkesbury to direct. The panel knew little about the Canadian experience and market, but still gave a detailed, step-by-step outline of how to put a project together.

The conferences offered unique moments too, such as when legend Frank Capra strolled down the aisle to join the session and received, first, a standing ovation, and then the greatest respect, admiration and affection from audience and panel alike.

Finally, even the press was kind. And while no-one knows if that calmed Bill Marshall's pounding veins entirely (about two weeks later another Slam Marshall article appeared, so he probably felt more at home), he can point to many improvements: hiring professional organizers, having a good bloc-booking system, a better date (although next year it'll be at the end of September), a combination of mass and particular audiences, an increase in attendance of 4000, and a price structure that is better, but which still needs fixing. And more links with other festivals; this year the Quebec critics and Ottawa 77 contributed.

And the smile at seeing his own production the hit of the festival.

montreal: year one

Serge Losique aimed his festival, not at the local public, but at the world-wide film community. Whether or not he was successful will be measured next year. What follows is a brief account of that festival and then *Cinema Canada's* first docu-drama, "The Garden Path."

by Connie Tadros

The World Film Festival of Canada... The Montreal Festival... Losique's Festival... What it all amounted to was an excellent beginning for a festival which aspires to become great. Maurice Bessy, the general director of the Cannes Festival commented that Montreal, the meeting point for three traditions – the French, the English and the American (he didn't mention Canada) – was the obvious place for a festival of major proportions. His support was crucial to the success of the festival in its first year.

Having read all the festival articles I care to read, I will make this one brief. The largest part of the program included 85 recent features, produced either this year or last. An official selection included 28 films from 26 countries, a special events selection included 26 films from 14 countries. As well, both France and Japan were present with a dozen films each, and Canada was represented by 8 films. All the films in these national selections were produced in 1977 or 1976.

The program was witness to the fact that Losique loves film; it included the most recent works by Bresson, Duras, Herzog, Yamamoto, Risi, the Tavianis, and Oshima, among many. And it was a pleasure to be exposed to films from Brazil, Yugoslavia, Tunisia, Roumania, Australia, Kuwait and – imagine – Andorra.

There were a few retrospectives. Both Gloria Swanson and Howard Hawks were present, and some of their old films were shown. Too, there was a selection of films involving Canadians in Hollywood, and still another to honor Laurence Olivier, Federico Fellini and Henri Langlois. The place of the retrospectives among the more recent films was minor, and they were not well attended.

Losique was well organized, and did a proper promotional job prior to the festival's opening. He held regular press conferences months in advance, and published both the list of films and a guest list weeks early. This allowed the press time to plan. Neither were there any important changes made to either list. Both the films and the guests came on time.

The guest list was most impressive. And all the stars and film directors were given the chance to meet the press in regularly scheduled press conferences. It was a heady experience to see Ingrid Bergman, answering questions in

four languages; Gloria Swanson, Fay Wray, Eddie Constantine and Richard Thomas were there. Important foreign guests included James Card (George Eastman House), Pierre-Henri Deleau (Directors Fortnight) Jean Drucker (president of the S.F.P., responsible for all TV production in France), heads of the Japanese and Mexican cinémathèques Mme Kawakita and Mr. Gomez-Gomez, vice-president of MGM, United Artists and Universal, Maurice Bessey (veteran head of the Cannes festival), among others.

Most importantly, over forty film directors came with their films; most of these were from abroad. They included Howard Hawks, Ridha Behi, Stan Brakhage, James Bridges, Georges Chamchoum, Edgardo Cozarinsky, Zale Dalen, Jean-Luc Godard, Ted Kotcheff, Igaal Niddam, Krsto Papic, Julien Pastor, Nicolas Sarquis, Khalid Siddik, Jean-Daniel Simon, Robin Spry, René Vienet and the Taviani brothers, Paolo and Vittorio.

Losique learned, as others had before him, that having theatres in 2 widely separate parts of the city was impossible, and that the quality of the projections became appalling when the festival organizers didn't control the projection conditions. These mistakes won't be repeated.

There was a film market. Films were shown each morning in 2 different theatres, and many deals were reportedly made though final figures are not yet out. Zale Dalen, for instance, found his market experience valuable in terms of selling *Skip Tracer* and also in terms of taking on heavier marketplaces in the future.

Certainly, Montreal's bilingualism made it a hospitable place for the foreign guests, many of whom were visiting North America for the first time. In many cases, local consulates welcomed visitors with receptions for festival guests and the press. The atmosphere was promising. As one Ottawa mandarin commented, "Now *this* is a festival!"

On the opening weekend of the festival, 2 important symposiums were held. The first, on production in Hollywood, fielded a panel of 3 vice-presidents, one each from United Artists, MGM and Universal. The following day, a Canadian panel talked about production conditions in Canada. Rather than go on, trying to capture the essence of these panels and of the festival in general, *Cinema Canada* thought it would try its hand at a more creative rendition of the experience...



What follows are notes for a modern-day morality play. The play's structure is that singularly Canadian art form, the docu-drama.

*All the characters in the play are real and did indeed appear in Montreal during the World Film Festival of Canada, with the exception of Franco Brusati and Emile de Antonio who were in town the week before the festival opened. All the quotes are exact. **Cinema Canada** has allowed only one composite character into its little play; that character is in fact a group called *People-In-Search-of-a-Film-Policy*. These people were also present, but may have been more isolated than they appear in the following drama. **Cinema Canada** takes full responsibility for the juxtaposition of the dialogue.*

The context of the play is not Canadian but international. An alternative title would have been "Broad is the Way but Strait is the Gate."

Part I: The Old Days, or, It used to work...

In the darkness, a solitary piano plays and takes us all back...

"You must remember this
A kiss is just a kiss
A sigh is just a sigh
The fundamental things apply
As time goes by"

The music fades out. It is the opening night of the Festival and Ingrid Bergman leaves the theatre, weary. She has just seen **Stroszek** but it isn't her kind of film. She shakes her head as she thinks of Bruno S. and muses, "It was a nice time when we had stars, because you went to see your favorite star. Sometimes the pictures weren't so good, but your love for certain actors and actresses was such that you overlooked the mistakes they made. Today, the audiences don't have that kind of love and admiration for the people who work."

And the thought occurs to her that, though films may still be the same old story, "a fight for love and glory", the fundamental things just don't apply anymore. Films have become, in her words, "ugly".

The *People-In-Search-of-a-Film-Policy* overhear her. Catching up to her, they take her by the arm and want to know more. "We all know it, and we talk about it all the time," she replies. "Everybody says, 'We can't have all this violence, we can't have all this pornography. It must finish. We now have hit the bottom.' But we don't seem to have hit the bottom. I suppose we can make worse pictures. We can make worse and worse and worse..."

Together, the small group sits by the edge of a fountain at the old Expo site and wonders what has happened. What have the studios - Paramount, MGM, Universal, United Artists, Warner Bros and 20th Century -- become, and where are the stars? Why doesn't it work any longer?

Bergman confided that she too had joined the ranks of those who no longer leave their homes to go to the movies:

Or, who leave mid-way through a show, disappointed and deceived.

The People resolved to find out why the fundamental things no longer applied.

Part II: The Majors Today, or, Distribution made us do it...

The next morning, the People gather in a conference hall. Under bright lights, a symposium on Production in Hollywood is underway. Mike Medavoy, a vice-president from United Artists, takes the initiative. "Hollywood is a business. Making movies is a business like any other business. Even though it is an art, nobody calls it the motion picture art. They call it the motion picture business. And it's tough."

The People consult each other. They are sure that *someone* has insisted on the cultural and artistic aspects of this business.

Referring to his fellow panelists, Sherri Lansing and Peter Saphier, vice-presidents respectively of MGM and Universal, Medavoy continues, "I have certain relationships, Peter has certain relationships, and Sherri has relationships. Those relationships are the ones that get pictures made."

Peter Collinson, that abrasive British director, agrees. "The key is, that if I know you, or if I get an introduction into either of your offices with the right property, with a big enough star, you'll listen to me. And there is no other way to get a deal."

The People sat up. Collinson, Collinson... isn't he that chap who has never yet had to work in Hollywood? And they recall that he belongs to a new breed of international directors - sort of third-world specialists - who make their films in Australia, South America, South Africa, Israel, Iran... and Canada.

And just as the People are wondering why it should be so difficult to make a deal, Medavoy speaks up again. "We only make 15 to 20 pictures a year. We're in the business of saying, 'no', because we can't get hurt by saying no. On the other hand, we also have to say 'yes', because we can't be in business without saying yes. We have this enormous distribution outfit. It takes us a minimum of a million dollars a week to stay open. We have to make from 15 to 18 pictures a year to support our distribution outfit."

"If you understand the motion picture business, you understand that you're dealing with one very important factor, and that's distribution. The fact is, whoever controls distribution, controls the film business. The exhibitors accuse us of setting the prices and everything, and then turning whatever product we have over to them. That accusation has some merit."

"Well", the People say to each other, "he's nothing if not candid. So distribution is the key!" And the gist of what the People say to each other - quickly, so as not to disturb the conference - is that though distribution doesn't open the door to the public enjoyment of films much anymore, and certainly doesn't inspire artistic quality in production, it does keep the machine turning, and we've all gotten used to that.

In the back row, sprawled out, Ted Kotcheff listens to the goings-on with mixed emotions. *Sotto voce*, he comments, "The distributors are working in the dark. They don't know why a film like **Rocky** or **Cuckoo's Nest** should be the big successes that they were. Nobody knows what constitutes a success. If anybody did know, we'd all be rich and all the film companies wouldn't be failing. In fact, the attrition rate

in films is extraordinary. Nine out of ten films are wiped out completely. They don't make a single penny."

Meanwhile, up on the panel, Sherri Lansing is trying to explain why the Majors insist on the old formulas, even though they no longer work. "I think that we tend to cast movies with stars to minimize our risk. And I'm beginning to think that that isn't the correct way to do it. I have not seen a movie, recently, which was poor, and which had a star in it, attract a mass audience. On the other hand, if the movie is good and is done with total unknowns, like **Rocky**, they come in droves to see it."

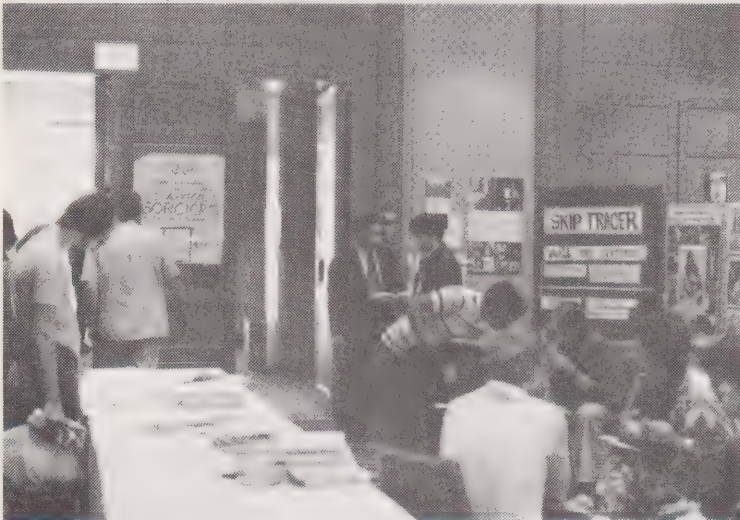
The People are befuddled. They wonder why, if the star system no longer works, does everyone insist on it? Collinson ran up against it when casting **Tomorrow Never Comes**. He berates the members of the panel. "I was in Los Angeles with \$700,000 to buy stars and actors. I have to tell you, that is an enormous problem. Nobody's a star these days unless he's picking up between \$700,000 and a million dollars. The Majors need the stars. They need them to convince the exhibitors that the picture they're selling will have an audience."

The People start wondering how the Majors manage. They say they don't produce many films, that they don't know the formula anymore, and that distribution is the tail that's wagging the dog. What do they do, then, with the bad films – the nine out of ten – which they produce?

Medavoy steps up to explain the system. "If a picture falls far short, and there's an enormous expenditure on the film, the best way of getting the money back as quickly as possible is to give the public a rather quick, expensive advertising campaign and attempt to recoup part of the cost."

John Kemeny, rich from his experience with **The Shadow of the Hawk**, paraphrases, but not too loudly, from the back of the room. "If they have a major financial interest at stake, it is a normal business practice to push the picture. If you make a film on a reasonable budget and it's handled by a Major, it shouldn't lose much, even if it's a disaster. There is a good chance to recoup. But you need the Major. They ram it down the throat of the exhibitor."

photo by Malka Dalphond



A busy press office and part of the film market exhibition hall.

In the back rows, where the People are sitting among some Canadian distributors, there is a feeling of restlessness. The Majors have been saying all morning that they will produce good scripts for the Canadians. They have also been saying that he who controls distribution can get control of production. Unfortunately, the advice doesn't seem to translate. André Link, a Canadian with more production and distribution experience than most, speaks up. "The Canadian distributors are very weak. Why? Because the American Majors, who command the biggest share of the melon,

distribute foreign films as well as their own productions in Canada. Therefore, the Canadian distributors can not act in the same capacity as counterparts in other countries. And this seriously inhibits their investment position. Since 1967, we at Cinepix have produced about 20 films and distributed over 40 Canadian films. There are some other Canadian firms who have done likewise. But we do not have the financial resources to act as a producer-distributor. I think that that something has to happen."

The People look at Robert Lantos. He reaches for the microphone and says, with passion, "The basic question is, how do we go about getting a piece of the action? The answer to that, which from your point of view is very logical, is 'See me, send me the material and, if it's good and if you make the grade, you'll get a piece of it.' All things being equal, that would be a good answer and a fair solution. However, all things are not equal. Medavoy has said that if you want to have financing, and if you want to have control, then establish your own distribution. In Canada, you can do that, and it won't get you any of those things, for the simple reason that 80% or more of the market in this country is already controlled by you gentlemen... the Majors."

The symposium ends on a hostile note. The People ask for Medavoy's phone number (hadn't he said, after all, 'call me?'), but he only gives his assistant's number. They ask if they can get in touch with his Toronto office. He says to bypass it and call straight to New York if it's anything important. The three vice-presidents promise to be present at the symposium on Production in Canada the next day. The People think to themselves, "They won't show." And the People were right.

Part III: The Stifling of Opportunity, or, It doesn't only happen to Canadians...

The People-In-Search-Of-A-Film-Policy wandered out into the afternoon sun and saw a group of men sitting in a café. They all spoke with accents and were heated up after the symposium. The People listened in...

John Simon, film critic for *New York Magazine*, was going on about just how ignorant vice-presidents of the Major companies can be about foreign films. And how unfair they can be to films which they don't like. He said, "I'm worried about things: like when the Deauville Festival requested a certain film from one of the Major distributors, and the distributor didn't happen to like that film, he just didn't send it to Deauville, even though it was his. He refused to send it!"

Franco Brusati, an Italian director and playwright, sighed with understanding as he put down his Campari. "Quite often," he said, "the producer just doesn't answer letters by people who write and want to buy my film." The People remember that Brusati had made **Bread and Chocolate** which had been fabulously successful in Italy, and which was still playing on the Champs Elysée in Paris 6 months after its release there. "I'm not surprised at all that **Bread and Chocolate** hasn't been shown in Canada yet. There are people from New York who are trying to buy it for the next season. They phoned me, saying that they are desperate because they can't get it away from the production management. The rights are held by the C.I.C. which is the official distribution chain of Paramount, and the producer is Verona Films which is also the Italian Paramount."

Brusati looks at the blue sky. "Why," he wonders, "should they be interested in distributing my film? They have their own American films so why should they worry about foreign films? They will make money with their own films."

The People turn toward the third man sitting at the table. A young French fellow, Pierre-Henri Deleau, is the director of the Directors Fortnight at the Cannes Film Festival. He has seen, over the past years, more of the independent production of young filmmakers than almost anyone else. To boot, he is not a filmmaker himself, and so has no personal ax to grind in what is amounting to a rousing condemnation of the Majors.

photo by Malka Dalphond



Savoring the cocktail fare: a timid Jean Lefebvre, John Kemeny, Serge Losique and David Novek.

The People hear him sum up the situation. "It's very simple. The American influence in France is simply a question of power and money. All the American features are shown in French theatres because they have some very good features, and because they have power over distribution in France. The trouble is that we have difficulty selling French features in America. But they have no trouble getting American films into France. That means that there is a complete unbalance between the two countries."

The People finish their Cokes and think that the men in the café put it well. There seems to be a 'situation', and the 'situation' is world-wide. It has to do with the domination of distribution by the Majors. "But what," they ask, "can be done about it?"

Part IV: Production for Television, or, If you can't get your foot in the door, move on...

The People-In-Search-Of-A-Film-Policy get together the next day and think things out. One good idea seems to be to avoid the mistakes which have already been made: to not trip down the Hollywood garden path in search of gold. They decide to go back to those who have spoken out and see what is

going on elsewhere that works. Getting films produced and getting them to the people is, after all, the goal.

Ingrid Bergman is still breathless after three days of incessant interviews and official receptions. She bemoans the fact that she hasn't time to comb her hair, but she sits down with the People, nevertheless, to try to answer their questions. "What works?"

"Well", she answers, "Ingmar Bergman and Roberto Rossellini have started to film for television. Bergman does it because it's interesting for him; you get so close to a person and must concentrate on faces and on emotions. As for Roberto, he really thought that movies were no good any longer and so he turned to documentaries. He was always a teacher at heart and wanted people to have more knowledge of what was going on in the world." She too had done some television work and had found it more taxing than either film or theatre. But it is the medium of tomorrow. At least in Europe.

Brusati concurs. Although he and others of his generation will probably stick with theatrical films and live plays, he knows that television is one of the elements destroying the Italian film industry for the moment. "Why should people pay a lot to go to the cinema when they can stay at home and see between 12 and 30 films in one week?" he asks realistically. "On the positive side, however, one must realize that television is reaching an immense audience in a very short time. That's probably what Rossellini meant when he said that those who produce for television have a very big responsibility, trying to create messages which can reach a large audience."

Deleau seems less upset when he speaks with the People. In fact, he seems rather ecstatic about the possibilities of television. "There is no good theatrical cinema in Germany. All the theatres show erotic features or bad films, like Spaghetti-Westerns and the like. All of the good German features, like the work of Herzog, Fassbinder and Schlöndorff, are coproduced by television. It's only because of television that they can work."

The People move on, and catch up to Kemeny and Kotcheff who seem to have other things to discuss. But they find the time to confirm what the People have already heard.

Kotcheff tells about his experience in Great Britain. "One of the things which caused the demise of the British film industry was the fact that films made for British television were so incredibly good. They were far superior to anything you would see in the cinema. In fact, I still think that some of the finest films I've seen in the last five years were made for British television."

Nodding his head in agreement, Kemeny picks up the conversation. "The theatrical market is changing rapidly. There is a shift towards television, and television can afford to pay more and more. The Majors are spending unbelievable amounts to outbeat each other. Television is gaining enormous importance."

The People press Kemeny for details. And he tells a story. "It's not very rare now that we, the film producers, are bidding like crazy for the rights to a book based on the stolen galleys which someone has xeroxed in the middle of the night for \$100. In the meantime, television picks it up and they are laughing at us; they can afford it! It's not rare that a new book is bought for \$300,000 to \$400,000 and turned into a mini-series for television. This is a new phenomenon. They are ready to spend up to \$6,000,000 on ten segments."

Kemeny leans back into his chair as if he sees the end in sight. "In another 20 years, we won't be going to the theatres. We will be home watching television."

The People-In-Search-Of-A-Film-Policy get together that evening. It's beginning to sound like what's needed is not a theatrical film policy, but one oriented towards television. The television! With all those commercials? What next?



The old guard meets the new: Howard Hawks is flanked by the Taviani brothers whose made-for-TV film won top Cannes award.

Part V: Alternatives to American Television, or, We can do it our own way...

The People are waiting for a last chat with Messrs. Kemeny and Kotcheff. They think back to a conversation they had earlier with Emile de Antonio, that radical American who made **Point of Order**, **Millhouse: A White Comedy** and, recently **Underground**. He had taken McLuhan to task: "Whoever owns the medium owns the message and that's really what it is all about. The facts say that in the US, there are more television sets than telephones or bathrooms. The fact that the poor listen to television an average of 7 hours a day doesn't in any way heighten their perception. It doesn't indicate that the medium is the message. It's simply a tool, a way of indicating that the message is totally owned by the people who own the society." And the People think that, for most Canadians, the message is in fact owned by those who pay for the programming south of the border.

Kotcheff has worked for American television, and so the People ask him about it. "Television in the United States is geared to selling products. The programming is meant to keep the commercials apart. They don't want anything that's contentious, that's in any way difficult. They're looking for endless climax: no slow shots, no contemplative material, just climax after climax after climax. It's not a very satisfying experience."

Nevertheless, and strange to say, Kotcheff is optimistic, and reminds the People that though American television is related to commercials, European television isn't and Canadian television needn't be. "When we have the introduction of Pay TV and the audiences are able to pay for the kind of

films they want to see, I think there will be a renaissance of filmmaking. But that renaissance will be via television. The movie house is a dinosaur of the past."

And Kemeny too, reminds the People that we aren't really talking about today's TV "You'll have the cables which run 2 or 3 first-run features. And the new cassette players, Betamax and RCA which you hook up to your television. You can take home educational material, feature films or whatever, and see whatever you want. Then there is the new large television screen which they are building into living room walls. You have the cinema in your house!"

"In the future", he goes on, "maybe there won't be any theatres. The Majors are diversifying. They're into pin-ball machines and publishing. Even Coca-Cola. They buy football clubs and whatever. They know the change is coming, but no one likes to talk about it. It's like rushing your own death sentence."

The People-In-Search-Of-A-Film-Policy thank the men for their time and ideas, and walk out into the sunshine.

It seems to the People-In-Search-Of-A-Film-Policy that the evidence speaks for itself. The Film Policy should probably not dwell unduly on the state of the industry as it presents itself today. The myths and illusions of Hollywood are crumbling under the weight of inflated production costs, sweetheart distribution deals and a theatre ticket, the price of which the public is no longer willing to pay.

If only the People can convince the government to look forward: to the importance of television and of Pay TV, to a new role for the theatres, to a shot in the arm for production which does not follow the 'Hollywood feature' syndrome. What about a renaissance of shorts and documentaries, of animated films and a refreshed sort of feature?

The People leave the Festival with renewed courage. Sentences of briefs to be written dance before their eyes. Will anyone listen? If only... If only... □

brand names and bland films

by Lois Siegel

It seems that the films selected to be shown at the Canadian Student Film Festival are perhaps more technically competent every year, but they are certainly, for the most part, less imaginative.

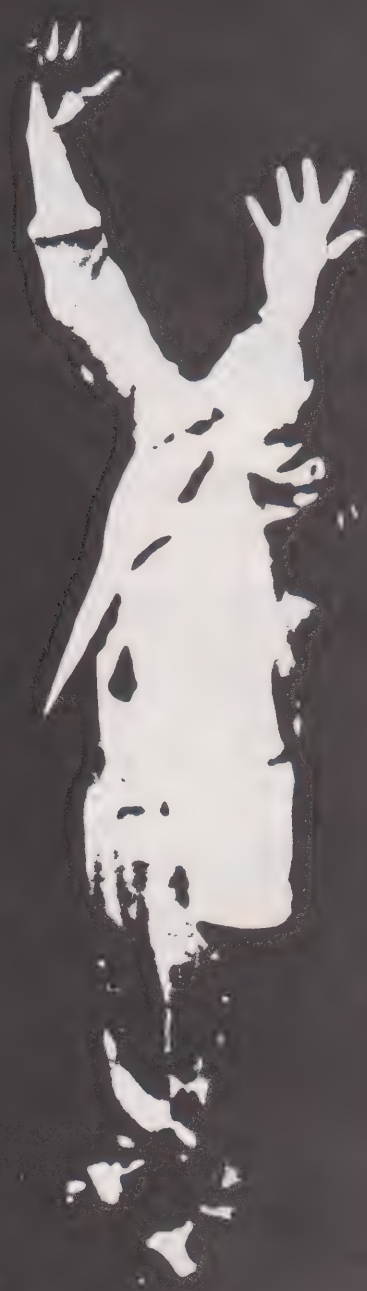
One cannot help but wonder what happened to the independent creative filmmakers like Rick Hancox (**Next to Me, House Movie**), who experimented with the study of time and space and human relationships within a space; Eric Huuree (**Under Glass**) – a sophisticated portrayal of a middle-aged woman going crazy in a sterile, modern environment; Veronika Soul (**How the Hell Are You** and **Tales From the Vienna Woods**), films which investigated animation as opposed to most student animation films which merely use the medium; Lorne Marin (**Rhapsody on a Theme from House Movie**), a sensitive study of a street realized through camera dissolves which melt one image into another; Pedro Bonilla (**Vice Versa**), a documentary about a transvestite which was a rough but real exposé or Holly Dale (**Minimum Charge No Cover**).

Since there are more film schools in Canada every year with more emphasis on 'learning' filmmaking, one cannot help but think that perhaps someone must be stressing 'how to operate a camera' rather than 'how to be sensitive about film as a creative art'.

This year, 24 films competed for awards.

A Day Much Like The Others by Sturla Gunnarsson (University of British Columbia) experimented with stop motion. A man was filmed live-action against a black background and then was animated through the use of an optical printer: step-printing and re-printing. The photography was well-composed, the script indicated serious thought, and the film was concise. Although reminiscent of Chris Marker's **La Jetée**, it retained a personality of its own.

Live and Learn by Harriet Pacaud (Algonquin) exuberated life. It may have seemed to make fun of people, and the audience did laugh unrestrainedly at the collage of golden-agers and karate choppers, diet watchers and male gourmand cupcake artists, but the film emphasized active people. Everyone pictured was doing something. Whether the



Lois Siegel is an independent experimental filmmaker and film professor who lives in Montreal.

A Day Much Like the Others: Norman McLaren Prize

viewer finds the activities valid or not is his problem. **Live and Learn** is similar to **Natural Habitat** by American filmmaker Ralph Arlyck. Arlyck assembles the same kind of images and says that his film is not an essay about alienation, but more a kind of ballet about the crazy things we do every day. At the end of Arlyck's film, the viewer sees a group of black children who ask the cameraman what he's doing. Arlyck replies, "I'm a filmmaker." One girl moves toward the camera and questions, "That's your job?"

The filmmaker says, "Yes."

Then, in an unbelieving down tone, the girl reacts with a drawl, "Shit..."

To make a good film about people, a filmmaker has to be perceptive. Harriet Pacaud has made a good film about people and has avoided being self-indulgent, which became the weakness of the film **Under the Lights** by Alan Goluboff (Ryerson). His film included interesting interviews with Toronto area film distributors, filmmakers and film watchers, but then it became less strong as he turned the camera on himself and made rather commonplace comments concerning his feelings about going to movies.

Pizza to Go by George Mihalka and Rodney Gibbons (Concordia) should have received an award for locations and lighting. They used at least 25 original settings, including a real old-time jail, a mexican tavern and one of the best looking men's washrooms seen since Polanski's **When Angels Fall**. And the lighting was superb. Rodney attended Vilmos Zsigmond's workshop in Maine last year and his lighting in the film was immaculate. **Pizza to Go** included commercials that resembled bright-lit television commercials and foggy cloak and dagger scenes which exemplified shady intrigue. Unfortunately, the acting and vocal intonations were far below the achievements of the other technical aspects.

The script for **Bed Movies** by Anthony Southgate (University of British Columbia) was so true that at times it hurt. It could have been entitled **Scenes from a Marriage**. A few new camera angles would have aided the performance.

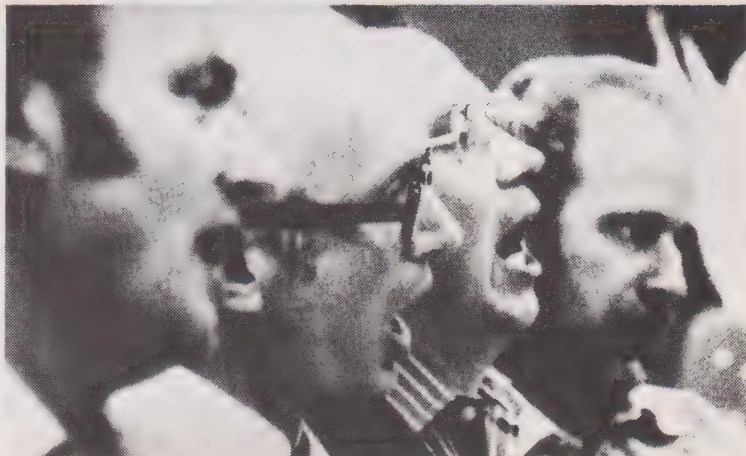
Peter Pan Lunch by David Chud (Sheridan) was a good student movie. The characters were interesting, although the film didn't seem to go anywhere; but perhaps it wasn't intended to go anywhere.

Nine Minutes by Paul Vitols (Carson Graham Secondary School) dealt with nuclear warfare. Paul is a high school student and made a good film for a beginning filmmaker, although his subject matter has already been examined at length. His female actress showed a good deal of potential.

My Pulse Wants to Become Song by Shan Wong (Concordia) was both imaginative and well composed. Dance films are prevalent, but the mixing of the arts (dance and film) is not an easy one. Both Ed Emshwiller (**Chrysalis**) and Maya Deren (**A Study in Choreography for Camera**) are outstanding examples; most others fail. Wong's film holds up. Although a trifle long, his selection of movement and music shows that he has an artistic understanding for filming dance. But why was his film listed under the documentary category?

The festival reeked of television animation: **U.S. Prime**, Allyn Terry (Sheridan) and **Weather Building**, Ross McLaren (Ontario College of Art). One would think that the festival pre-selection jury had never seen this type of experiment. Animation used to be a highlight of the student festival with excellent films from the Musée des Beaux-Arts de Montréal. Sheridan College has always produced outstanding work, such as **Da Da Da**, a group effort of two years ago. What happened to animation this year? **A Night in the Movies** by Jim Bescott (Vancouver School of Art) was the only contender this year.

Down Among the Deadmen by Mark Fernley (Concordia) should have won the award for the most unusual film of the



Joy and enthusiasm pervade **Live and Learn**

THE WINNERS

Prix Norman McLaren

A Day Much Like the Others by Sturla Gunnarsson (University of British Columbia)

Best Fiction and Best Directory

Vision House by Rafal Zielinski (Concordia)

Best Documentary

L'âge dort by Denis Boivin (Université Laval)

Best Animation

A Night in the Movies by Jim Bescott (Vancouver School of Art)

Best Experimental

Category dropped in lieu of Entertainment

Best Cinematography

The Prophet Nostradamus by Steve Dowell (York)

Best Entertainment and Best Editing

Live and Learn by Harriet Pacaud (Algonquin)

Best Dialogue

Bed Movies by Anthony Southgate (University of British Columbia)



The make-up fit the mood in **Down Among the Deadmen**

year. Not quite the bar scene from **Star Wars**, it did have it's bizarre personality. The film was commissioned by a rock group to be shown as the band performed their song "Down Among the Deadmen." Although the film is not your usual beginning-middle-end scenario, it did illustrate the song with excellent make-up and effects, and very good camera work.

Vision House by Rafal Zielinski (Concordia) requires special comment. Rafal is a young filmmaker in his early 20's who is constantly directing films with inexhaustible energy. Although he isn't your typical student filmmaker, since **Vision House** was made with a professional cameraman, ACTRA actors and CBC money, Rafal is definitely a feature director contender. Unlike most young filmmakers, Rafal understands both the business and technical aspects of filmmaking. The drama of a would-be-robber who meets a would-be rich lady in an empty real estate house is intended for a television audience. Although not that sophisticated, **Vision House** remains a good television film.

Never Say "Hi" to Strangers by Craig Cottle (Concordia) is a first film by a student filmmaker who had only studied, but not made films before last year. Craig's short film about a frightened little girl was concise and well-presented.

One special presentation during the festival was the 1976 National Student Film Awards (Academy of Motion Picture



Zielinski works with the pros (actress Griffith and cameraman Czerski) to make **Vision House**



Taking a shot in **Pizza to Go**

Arts and Sciences and sponsored by AT & T). These film Awards presented 35 films selected from 300 entries. Top films won \$1000. Curiously enough, four of the five top award winning films were made in California, and curiously enough, at least three of these films included pro-Hollywood photographs or remarks. The films were introduced by a terribly shot film or video of the awards presentation, with Hollywood clips hastily inserted before and between – propaganda plus.

What the Notes Say by Karen Grossman and Richard O'Neill (Adelphi) was a competent documentary about the Settlement Music School in Philadelphia. The film was lovely because one watched serious young people adeptly creating music. The film was humorous because one watched a young boy just slightly bigger than the violin he was holding, accomplish quite a difficult line with the exact changes his instructor had just indicated.

Fame by Richard Jeffries and Mark Kirkland (California Institute of the Arts) had no redeeming value. The animation began well and then disintegrated into a mass of unsensuous, unartistic, cold graphics of famous people and famous words. The film exploited familiar entertainment names and failed to stimulate the imagination.

The Preparatory by Terence Cahalan (University of Southern California) dealt with a rather well-worn subject – a boy in a Catholic boarding school, but the film was probably the best shot, best acted, and best directed film shown during the festival.

We've been through Lindsay Anderson's **If** and Marco Bellocchio's **In the Name of the Father**, but **The Preparatory** doesn't pretend to tell a complete story in 24 minutes. Instead, it tightly sketches a few dramatic scenes of institutional life.

One last remark. It seems that once again, this is the year for the anti-experimental film category. Only two experimental films were pre-selected for the Canadian Student Film Festival. Then the jury dropped the 'Best Experimental Award' in lieu of 'Best Entertainment', of all things. No one seems to know what kind of film should be labeled experimental, and if one doesn't understand, one drops. The Canadian Film Awards completely ignored the Experimental Category this year. What is happening to the creative 'risk' in filmmaking? Ironically enough, the film that won 'Best Entertainment' could be called an experimental documentary. But this is the 20th century, the land of brand names and pre-identified moving algae; even babies in wombs are now given identity numbers. □

Note: One perhaps failed to comment about two of the award winners **L'âge d'ort** and **The Prophet Nostradamus** because one, perhaps unfortunately, fell asleep during both of these movies.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Handbook of Canadian Films. Second Edition

by Eleanor Beattie

Peter Martin Associates Limited in association with Take One Magazine. 319 pages. \$6.95

Second editions of books on Canadian film are as rare as sequels to the films themselves. This being the case, we should be especially grateful to *Take One* and Peter Martin Associates for releasing the update of Eleanor Beattie's 1973 work. *A Handbook of Canadian Film*. Titled *The Handbook of Canadian Film* (as if someone had suddenly discovered the lack of competition), Beattie's new edition is 30% larger, 50% more usable and, in paperback, 250% more expensive than its predecessor. It's worth the price.

By far, the largest and most important section of the *Handbook* remains its annotated, alphabetical listing of major figures in Canadian film. The new book contains 131 names with capsule biographies, credits and bibliographies (as compared to 83 names in the first edition). Overall, however, there are actually fewer people mentioned in the new book. This is a result of Beattie's dropping the sections of animators, writers, actors, composers and miscellaneous "film people" which had previously provided shorter descriptions of literally dozens of figures. A good many of these people (e.g. Ted Allan, Bill Fruet, David Acomb, Jack Darcus) have been promoted to the major listings. Unfortunately, a few important names (Co Hoedeman, Maurice Blackburn, Evelyn Lambart among others) missed the cut and exist in the new edition largely as parts of other people's credits. At least one major figure noted in the pantheon section of the first edition (Jack Chambers), has all but disappeared.

There are other problems with the major filmmakers' list. Some credits aren't complete (surely at this stage of the game, there should be a list of all the films on which Richard Leiter-

man has worked). It would also be useful to have some indication of distributors, especially in those (frequent) cases where a film is not listed in the Canadian Federation of Film Societies' *Index*. Beattie writes in the preface that "the production company... provides a good lead to the distributor." Handbooks, one would think, should contain more than "good leads."

There should be some indication of whether French language films are available in English and *vice versa*. (Unfortunately, this sort of notation will not take up very much space.) We should be told whether translated prints are dubbed or subtitled and whether or not they are identical to the original film. At very least, the titles of all films should be in both official languages, with some indication of whether the translated title is official (i.e. that used by the distributor or filmmaker), or simply one provided by the *Handbook*.

Another serious problem in the listing of major filmmakers is its lack of historical perspective. Figures like Ernie Shipman, Gordon Sparling and Jane Marsh are either quickly dismissed in the introduction or totally excluded. Yet these people, and a dozen like them, are, by any estimate, among the top 131 filmmakers this country has known. Granted, their films are often hard to come by – but this will change. In the meantime, a growing number of people are beginning to look into Canada's first 50 years of filmmaking. And it would be nice to help them out.

In the two sections following the list of major filmmakers, Beattie deals with "film groups" and "community film and video." Both sections provide useful starts for anyone interested in their respective areas. The two sections might be combined, as the line between some of the film groups and some of the community groups is often a thin one. However, this is a small fault compared to the inexplicable lack of addresses for the "film groups." The text describing these groups provides clues to their locations. But, once again, more than a "lead" is called for.

The next three sections cover "Native Peoples and Film" (four pages), "Political and Third World Films" (four pages) and "Women in Film"

(six pages). These sections are at their best when providing names of organizations and basic bibliographies in the areas covered. They are weakest when recommending films via scant and apparently hastily composed filmographies. Almost all the Native Peoples and Women's films noted are merely extracts from the NFB catalogue, while the grand total for "political and third world films" is 13 for the former and four for the latter. Either more titles should be provided or the reader should simply be given the indications of where to write for complete filmographies in these areas.

The idea of having thematic sections is a good one and should be expanded upon. There might be similar sections on the avant garde, video art, films for the handicapped, film on media, etc. The section on animation should be restored. There might be a list of films on adolescence – failed maturity being a topic that Canadian cinema has exhausted like no other. There should be some indication of the nature and availability of archival Canadian films. Finally, and this could be difficult, there might be some guide to the best of student films and purely local films, works of some interest that would normally disappear.

The effectiveness of these thematic sections would depend on improvements in two areas in which the *Handbook* is presently weak. The first is cross-referencing. If after the major filmmakers listing, names of directors and films on that list were printed in **bold** type and other names in *italics*, considerable space could be saved for an expansion of thematic endeavours.

Secondly, a feedback system is needed. Beattie's own tireless efforts plus the collaboration of some of the most dedicated people in Canadian film have produced a strong beginning. But the *Handbook* is everyone's responsibility – its limitations are everyone's problem. We should all have a way of contributing.

This is especially true for the last 60 pages of the book, largely a listing of sources. No one individual can vouch for the completeness of these sections. And no one, other than those mentioned, is going to bother correcting a misprinted postal code or supply

Seth Feldman teaches film at the University of Western Ontario and has edited, with Joyce Nelson, The Canadian Film Reader which has just been published by Peter Martin.

BOOK REVIEWS

the name of a new contact person, new affiliate or new service available.

A random suggestion: reinstate the potpourri of names and titles that comprised sections 2-7 of the first edition. It was an excellent way of talking about people who have not yet established themselves, or who have come from other disciplines to make small but valuable contributions. This section might also include news on works in progress not mentioned elsewhere.

Another random suggestion: eliminate the stills. Outside of their use in textual analyses, stills in film literature seem to function solely as souvenirs of the real thing. The space could be better used for additional information.

The big suggestion: publish a third edition — and a fourth and a fifth. Try to make it an annual event. Surely, Ottawa should be supporting the *Handbook*, even if it does make such good sense to have one.

There are other works that do part of the job of Beattie's *Handbook* (the CFI's *Film Canadiana*, the CFFS *Index*, the membership lists of the various unions and guilds). There are works in the works that will be stronger in areas like history and criticism (Peter Morris' forthcoming *Embattled Shadows* and his *Dictionary of the Canadian Cinema*, Pierre Pageau and Yves Lever's anthology, *Cinéma Canadien et Québécois* and an anthology by Joyce Nelson and myself, *Canadian Film Reader*). But none of these projects take in the range of people, projects, organizations and ideas included here. It is efforts like *The Handbook of Canadian Film* that make one believe, in moments of stupid faith, that our 1000 false starts and 10,000 isolated visions form the coherent mass of a national cinema.

Seth Feldman

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FILM REVIEWS

REVIEWS OF SHORT FILMS

The Tar Sands

d: Peter Pearson, **sc:** Peter Pearson, Peter Rowe, Ralph L. Thomas, **ph:** Ken Gregg, **ed:** Myrtle Virgo, **m:** Eric Robertson, **l.p.** Kenneth Welsh, Ken Pough, Mavor Moore, **p:** Ralph Thomas, **p.c.** Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, 1976, **col:** 16mm, **Running time:** 57 minutes.

"Explosive, political drama, zeroing in on powerbrokering by the international petroleum industry. The dramatic story of negotiations and confrontations between major oil industries and the governments of Canada, Alberta and Ontario, that climax with the Canadian taxpayer putting up nearly two billion dollars to ensure the development of the Athabasca Tar Sands. Provocative, contemporary drama."

So said the CBC publicity blurb. And then, to top things off, precisely because of its "explosive, political" nature, the film could not be shown by the CBC TV network.

That was last year. And it was a shame, really, since the other four segments of the CBC *For the Record* series, of which it was a part (and which were written about in these pages, No 36), proved that television films can be intelligent, gripping, worthwhile.

One could be pardoned, then, for looking forward to something special when it was learned (almost by accident) that Peter Pearson's **The Tar**

Sands would indeed be shown, finally, and some nine months behind schedule, on Monday night, September 12, 1977.

For once, surrounding events and advance publicity did not lead us down the well-trod garden path. **The Tar Sands** is, indeed, a dynamic and important film, one that enlightens, arouses – and raises a number of crucial moral problems centering on our society and on the mass media.

At one level, of special interest to *aficionados* of the Canadian cinema, **The Tar Sands** marks another high spot in the career of Peter Pearson, who, when at his best, is one of our major film directors. It has become abundantly clear that when Pearson works within the limitations imposed by television, the results verge on the brilliant. **Saul Alinsky, Best Damn Fiddler, The Insurance Man, Kathy Karuks**, and now **The Tar Sands**, are TV dramas of the highest order. More accurately, they are television *films* of real merit.

The Tar Sands was shown on nation-wide television on Sept. 12, 1977. By late September, the premier of Alberta, Peter Lougheed, had filed a suit against the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation charging "damages to character and reputation". The suit was for \$2,250,000. No date has been set for the hearing.

Pearson's two commercial features, **Paperback Hero** and **Only God Knows**, however, tell quite another story. Now is obviously not the time to go into an analysis of the disparity that exists between Pearson's movie films and his TV films. But I can't resist trotting out a two-bit superficial conjecture that may bear following up. Quite possibly it has something to do with Pearson's divided cultural/academic heritage.

Pearson's university days were spent majoring in Political Science and Economics. Whatever it is that he learned in the hallowed halls of the University of Toronto, it seems to have stuck. So much so that of all of Canada's English-speaking film directors, Pearson is surely the most sensitive to politico/economic issues: he has insight, and a solid measure of mastery. That is what permits him to reduce terribly complex issues to their main lines, and to express their dramatic tensions in terms that go straight to an audience.

A look at Pearson's television record shows just how successful he has been when he allows the social issues to be the warp and woof of the drama, that against and through which the human characters play out their story.

But Pearson also spent a few years at that famed Roman film school, the Centro Sperimentale di Cinematografia. The experience, undoubtedly enriching in helping him to master the essential skills, may well have sown the seeds of future difficulties, or at least of ambitions difficult to realize. Imagine a young man drinking deep of the intoxicating glories of the Italian cinema of the '60's. Well, it is difficult to become a sort of WASP Fellini, especially when surrounded by those Toronto critics.

Even if **Paperback Hero** did not try to emulate the aesthetic opulence of the Italians, still, in its focussing on the lost hero and his environment, and in its striving for certain aesthetic effects, it failed to be convincing, and it neglected precisely those areas that give Pearson's films their greatest strength.

Not so in **The Tar Sands**. With this film we are more resolutely than ever in true Pearson territory, where the horizon stretches out to social, political, economic, vistas. The probing is such that it is difficult to call to mind any other fiction that has, in any comparable measure, dared to reveal issues, manoeuvrings, and motivations as clearly, and done it as grippingly.

In any enterprise of this kind, to be sure, the script writing is of supreme importance. Full marks have to go to Pearson himself, and to his

Film Credit Abbreviations: d.: Director, asst. d.: Assistant Director, sc.: Script, adapt.: Adaptation, dial.: Dialogue, ph.: Photography, sp. ph. eff.: Special Photographic Effects, ed.: Editor, sup. ed.: Supervising Editor, sd.: Sound, sd. ed.: Sound Editor, sd. rec.: Sound Recording, p. des.: Production Designer, a.d.: Art Director, set dec.: Set Decorator, m.: Music, m.d.: Music Director, cost.: Costumes, choreo.: Choreography, l.p.: Leading Players, exec. p.: Executive Producer, p.: Producer, assoc. p.: Associate Producer, p. sup.: Production Supervisor, p. man.: Production Manager, p.c.: Production Company, col.: Colour Process, dist.: Distributors, narr.: Narration.

FILM REVIEWS

fellow writers, Peter Rowe and Ralph L. Thomas, producer of the entire *For the Record* series. Their combined skill and intelligence in boiling down an enormous amount of tricky, dangerous material into a clear and sharp "true fiction" is nothing short of remarkable. Clear-cut issues emerge as a fascinating line-up of characters, some "real" and some invented (but with their basis, we are assured, in "reality"), become organic parts of a pattern that ultimately reveals who and where the power is in Canada. The focus is on the Athabasca Tar Sands wheeler-dealing, but the depth of field goes far beyond.

Motivations are dramatized, names are named: the "real" Premier of Alberta, Peter Lougheed (beautifully played by Kenneth Welsh), and Frank Spraggins, the "real" negotiator for Syncrude, that amalgamation of Gulf Oil, Imperial Oil, and the rest, and others, including Ottawa's Donald MacDonald. The script, with brilliant succinctness, but never at the cost of sacrificing warm, human touches, structures back room plotting, private conversations, and official round table negotiating in a driving, smoothly flowing narrative that never lets up in interest.

But the final credit has to go to Pearson *qua* film director. There is a basic artistic humility to his approach; and no one will ever point to **The Tar Sands** as a brilliant exercise in daring film form creativity. Quite to the contrary; Pearson's film adopts a style that is by now all but done to death, very comfortable – and maybe too comfortable and unchallenging for our TV viewing habits. It is neat, sparse, and it has been seen before.

However, what might be a tired old format comes to life because the *content* is so important, so dramatic in itself, and so in-felt by the director. **The Tar Sands** formal structure all but disappears behind its own anonymity. Its role is merely to reveal, to make clear, to permit the central screaming reality to touch the viewer.

In that sense, the film is immensely successful, never sacrificing the tone of objective but involved observation to flashy, facile effects. In other words, Pearson is willing to play the role of reporter rather than that of artist on his own aesthetic trip. All must exist only in function of the issues and drama of his film.

Issues is one thing. But **The Tar Sands** would hardly be a richly human drama if the human equation, the characters in their perplexity, their conniving, or their anguish and hope, were sacrificed to the dictates of a *Thesis*. Well, they are not; and this is one of the great strengths in Peter Pearson's work. He always feels for the individual. We are touched, we care for those living creations before us. The great socio-economic issues somehow are incarnated in these breathing, complex, recognizable human beings. Pearson, in short, seems to have pulled off that most difficult of feats, striking the ideal balance between clear idea, and flesh-and-blood people. They become organically one.

It is Peter Lougheed who elicits Pearson's most sympathetic interest. Lougheed, that is, and the fictional character, Willard Alexander (beautifully acted by Ken Pough), who is a composite of the Lougheed advisers who were against the deal. One is made to understand Lougheed's ambition and the tightrope he must walk, his aspirations for Alberta, and his desire to create jobs, stimulate the economy, and reap the huge oil profits for his province. But one is appalled at the growing recognition of another reality. Syncrude Canada Ltd., and the multinationals who constitute it, alone have the power and clout to take over the Tar Sands development. Development, yes, and money for the people, but only on their terms. Their all-devouring criterion is further profit for the shareholders, and more monopolistic control of energy for the oil companies.

Pearson does not paint a gentle portrait of the oil negotiators. We see them in the bargaining sessions, at times hearty and silken, at times blatantly ruthless. Their demands are outrageous to anyone who is not dedicated to the ideal of immensely bloated self profit. And Lougheed, who has played the game, is caught. Concession follows upon concession, as Syncrude obtains everything it demands, and more – to the tune of two billion dollars, new ground rules to ensure its profits, etc.

At the end, a beaten Lougheed, still trying to hope to come out on top in the long range, faces his TV audience to proclaim his hard fought "victory" for the people of Alberta. And we are left – one hopes – wondering about certain aspects of our society and its power structures.

The Tar Sands was conceived as a movie made for TV – but by Monday, Sept. 12 it had become full-fledged, 100% TV at its best, steeped in immediacy and relevance. The living moment breathed controversy, and the viewer knew it. Sure enough, next day Peter Lougheed announced that he was suing the CBC for defamation of character! And a few days later, Shell Oil declared that it, too intends to develop the Athabasca Tar Sands. These oil chaps do not scare easily.

The touchiness of the situation was underlined by the CBC's ever-so-discreet treatment of the Monday night showing. Here in Montreal, for example, the *Gazette* and the *Star* did not even have the preempting in their daily listings. And the film was suspiciously short for an hour-long slot. Could someone have been at work with the scissors on the most offending passages, as well as secretly hoping that no one would watch the film?

But there was more. This viewer, thanks to **The Tar Sands**, was actually wafted back in time. I can remember, in Quebec, back in the Old Days, before the Present Age of Enlightenment, what happened around a very few very special movies of some doctrinal import. Likely as not, a Bishop or a Cardinal would appear (on film) before the movie, to tell us how to appreciate it, what was correct, what was not. Well, at least in the present instance, the CBC was not to be found wanting. There was Barbara Frum, in her most earnest mode of high seriousness, explaining to us that this film was a fiction, but based on fact, and revealing which characters were real, and which invented, and so on. Barbara kept returning to the word fiction, but always with reassurances about the film's essential veracity. Barbara, righteously and rightly beloved of all us liberals, came back at the end, to guide us and warn us anew.

One certainly cannot blame the CBC, but the moral problems raised by this kind of film were by no means solved by Barbara's interventions. Like most of the viewers, I am no expert on the Tar Sands question, and I had no way of judging what was fiction, what was fact. I trusted the film because I trust Peter and Ralph – and Barbara; and I happen to share their concern. But was I seeing the truth? Was this an over-simplified, tendentious, but unfair hatchet job, or was it a brilliant popularization of

the essential "truth" of the matter? The film itself gave the viewer precious little freedom at that level.

A good reportorial essay, say, or a good teaching situation, or a good "straight" documentary, can, by the very formats which they employ, do a fine job of honest, objective exploration of a question, issue, situation, making the nuances, revealing the sources, admitting where fact yields to conjecture, and so on. But can a drama, growing out of this fascinating mix of fact and fiction, respect the viewer, allowing him or her to decide, at least up to a point? The form used in **The Tar Sands** implicitly claims that it is re-creating the *truth*. That is the assumption shared by the storyteller and his audience. And that audience's emotions were being manipulated by events and people without any built-in guideline as to where reality began and ended.

The moral problem remains: where is the media responsibility towards the viewer in all of this?

On the other hand — and here one owns up to espousing contradictory positions — one wants to cheer, to congratulate the CBC and Thomas and Pearson for their courage and integrity. It is difficult to think of any other country in the world, capitalistic or socialistic or whatever that would permit a national network to air a drama so critical of the *real* Power Centre of that society. True, television has at times played a major role in reshaping mass thinking. One need but mention the U.S. and Vietnam, or Watergate. But almost always, TV is the dominant-system reinforcer. And particularly in the field of drama, it serves as a sort of kept lady of entertainment, whose job it is to lull the masses, preventing them from questioning the essential status quo. Above all it must not be critical of the wielders of *real* power.

The Tar Sands is a startling exception. It is a salutary call to consciousness, and, ultimately, to conscience. This drama really does dare to identify the people and the issues: there is no escape. And it asks the question that TV rarely asks: how long can we tolerate the amassing of power, and the abuse that goes with it, by groups such as Syncrude? The stakes could not be higher, and the CBC, however hesitantly, has dared to take the gamble.

Marc Gervais

Ruberg

d: Alar Kivilo, **ph:** Kivilo, **ed:** Kivilo, **m:** Sibelius (text and sound, Ao Loo), **p:** Harri Kivilo, **p. asst.:** Mark Teose, Lembitu Ristsoo, Valve Kivilo, **p.c.:** Alar Kivilo Production Company, **col.:** 16mm, **narr.:** Ao Loo, Eva Varangu, Vello Salo, **running time:** 28 minutes.

It's difficult enough to be a good person, harder yet to show one in his life time, and hardest of all to make his worthy acts and excellent intentions seem interesting to film audiences who are continually excited by all the various and fascinating aspects of evil.

Alar Kivilo and his father Harri have been wise, therefore, in showing us some of their fellow Estonian, Ruberg's, life, to begin their 28 minute documentary with some intriguing shots of the man as an artist, making his highly original leather paintings.

These, however, follow a prologue in which we have an inkling of the character of both Ruberg and the film, as Alar's sensitive lensing shows us a small figure of a man approaching slowly through a pastoral scene of peace and loveliness, while underneath, the strains of Sibelius add to the holy reverential feeling, and a respectful voice intones the words of an Iroquois prayer concerning love and respect for the harmonies and balance of nature.

Between this beginning, and the final shots, in which we see Ruberg skiing off into the distance while a poetic prayer to "make me wise" is spoken, we are shown various scenes of Ruberg's work and interests.

First, the leather painting. Here, in a section that could easily stand alone, the bird sounds, forest sights, rustic life, and devotion to nature create an atmosphere at one with the artist, as he rubs blues and yellows into softened leather stretched over stone. "Every rock has its own face," in Ruberg's words, "God has filled them with meaning; beauty is



Ruberg with Estonian Children

FILM REVIEWS

holy." And, as the work progresses from what appears a hopeless mess to a deeply grooved, almost living reconstruction, or rather creation, of a rooted, branched and vibrant tree, we listen with openness to the simple unsophisticated beliefs of Ruberg as he speaks of the greater artistic value resulting from the simpler and more primitive handling of the work, or of the "late afternoon sun, which blesses my work", or of the responsibility of the artist for the feelings he arouses in his viewers.

But now the film progresses to Ruberg's other talent, and it is here while we observe him teaching marksmanship (for patience, discipline, self control); or helping blind children feel his paintings (he used to teach the handicapped); or instructing incredibly beautiful nursery school children (Estonian-blond cherubs, all); or demon-fire-lit at night, leading young Estonians into an exciting lesson about their country's mythology and ethnic rites; or finally, in a wintry-white fur-treed loveliness, working with water-colors on an easel made of propped-up skis, trying to capture the crystal patterns of frost, the sometimes overpowering Sibelius, and the unrelenting goodness and dedication of all his acts, begin to take their toll.

Is a sense of humor the work of the devil? Where is the man with whom we erring, stumbling humans can connect? We long for a tiny accident, a joke, a trivial moment, or a hint of unstructured passion to alleviate the organized, productive, methodical worthiness of it all; something to connect us with the humanness of the man, instead of just impressing us with his humanity.

Nevertheless, it is a commendable first film, and since both father and son Kivilo are well aware that perhaps it is a little overwritten, the strains of Finlandia a mite overpowering, and the goodness perhaps just a touch too unrelieved, the prospects for their next films are very good indeed.

They would like to capture the flavor of the life of other minority groups in this vast mosaic nation. Learning from this first experience in which, with a tiny budget (\$7000), and the donated services of Estonian friends, they have produced a professional, marketable and sincere film, they should in fact be perfectly equipped to do so.

Natalie Edwards

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Film works both sides of the lens.

Film is good business, from both sides of the camera. Kodak continues to promote the strength of using film as a corporate communications tool to the Canadian business community. That's one side. And we're on your side too, not only because we produce high-quality film products and processes, but we also continue to promote the communication advantages of film to businesses.

As part of this promotion, Kodak had a film produced on behalf of the motion picture industry about making corporate films and we will be showing it to as many business people and groups as possible.

This production "Film is Good Business" is available to film producers at nominal cost. To arrange a complimentary screening, contact your local Kodak Technical Sales Representative or write Kodak Canada Ltd. for more information.

*I would like to see the Kodak film
about making films.*

Name: _____

Corporation: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Prov. _____

Postal Code: _____ Phone: _____

Kodak Canada Ltd.
**Audiovisual and Motion
Picture Markets**

3500 Eglinton Avenue West
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business—
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- dubbing and post-syn-
chronization
- etc.

at last

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